THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THREE ROSES.

BY A. D. P.

Just when the red June roses blow
She gave me one,—a year ago;
A rose whose crimson breath revealed
The secret that his heart concealed,
And whose half-shy, half-tender grace,
Blushed back upon the giver's face.
A year ago—a year ago—
To hope was not to know.

Just when the red June roses blow
I plucked her one,—a month ago;
Its half-bloom crimson to eclipse,
I laid it on her smiling lips;
The balmy fragrance of the south
Drew sweetness from her sweeter mouth.
Swiftly do golden hours creep—
To hold is not to keep.

The red June roses now are past,
This very day I broke the fast—
And now its perfumed breath is hid
With her, beneath a coffin-lid!
There will its petals fall apart,
And wither on her icy heart—
At three red roses' cost
My world was gained and lost.

PERSECUTED;

—OR—

A BRAVE WOMAN'S TRIALS.

BY DR. CHARLES C. NORTHRUP,

AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED; OR, COMPTON'S REVENGE," ETC., ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 51. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

Jennie drew herself haughtily up, and said, "I shall not go until Mr. Trevor's return."

CHAPTER V.

A BREAK IN THE CALM.

The two ensuing months were a gala season to Jennie Bond—the bright, treacherous calm which precedes a tropical tempest; the sweet, ravishing melody which a cunning maestro creates, to render all the more effective the strange discordant crashes of the organ-storm which is to follow. Her pupils were apt and obedient, and with the servants she became only second to their master, whom they almost adored; for him—he seemed totally forgetful of the fact that she was but a dependent, immediately placing her, by his marked yet respectful attention, upon an equal footing with the rest of the family, and showing in a thousand nameless, yet convincing ways that he was the friend to her he had promised to be, and that he stood ready to verify that promise should circumstances ever require.

All this was so much poison to Miss Samantha, whose lynx-eyes nothing escaped, and she grew to hate the object of it with a hate which it is not good for one soul to bear towards another; neither did she make any secret of her rancor, but displayed it upon every possible occasion—spitting it out in little irritating acts, and sharp, stinging speeches, and even in venomous looks, only too palpable to the victim, when the presence of her nephew would have rendered either of the first two forms of assault a dangerous experiment. Jennie was fully alive to these half-open, half-covert insults, and sometimes they wounded her sorely; but she resolutely shut the hurt down into her brave little heart, meeting them always with a tranquil mien, and sometimes with woman's most powerful weapon—a smile. And in spite of it, she developed wonderfully in the new atmosphere. Her manner, hitherto almost painfully quiet, became easy, and at times even playful; her face, which had before worn an anxious shade—the look as of one perpetually watching for a terrible something that may appear at any moment, yet perhaps never appears at all—lost its old haunted expression, growing ten years younger, seemingly, in less than half that number of weeks, and showed itself what nature evidently intended it to be—the fairest order of beauty; with such a color in lips and cheeks, and such a soul in every feature, and above all such a crowning glory of wavy hair as one seldom finds apart from the artist's canvas, or the enthusiast's dream. Ricks used to stand and gaze upon that face with open-mouthed admiration, as it came down the broad stairway or through the spacious hall on bleak winter mornings, when every other face looked pinched and blue—or even cross; and think, in a confused way, of some glorious star (for he had a spice of poetry in his nature) swimming down dull gray space into still duller grayness below; and run through the list of all the saints' names with which he was acquainted to find one worthy to be worn by her—and, failing, would privately call her St. Consuelo, which he had heard somewhere meant "Angel of Consolation."—And Ricks' master, if he did not think of saints or stars, caught himself imagining one night, when he came home later than usual cold and tired, and she was so kind as to make tea for him (in the absence of his aunt, who had gone to her chamber), how it would seem to have her at the head of his table not only for this once, but for all the nights in the year; a fancy which proved so delicious that he forgot to banish it, even after the suggestive occasion was long past! This the vigilant spinster did not see, but she saw quite enough to increase her dislike for Jennie, and make her tremble for her pet scheme of marrying her nephew—if marry he must—to the dashing Isabella Hill.

March came in, and with it a serious break in the domestic calm. Mr. Trevor was suddenly called to the far west on important business, which was likely to occupy him for some weeks; and left home in less than an hour after receiving the summons. Then Miss Trevor's power became supreme. Her first act was to give master Ricks a violent box on the ears, upon suspicion that he had made faces at the cat when her back was turned! Her next to dispatch a letter to Chicago, requesting the immediate presence of her "dear Miss Bell." Ricks yelled furiously, and, boy-fashion, silently recorded a rash vow to be revenged; and the young lady evinced her respect for her god-mother by coming to Philadelphia on the day following by the 8.30 A. M. express.

Miss Trevor was not expecting her guest so soon, and was sitting over a late breakfast, in her oldest "front" and a decidedly shabby morning-dress, spicing her rolls and coffee with an occasional reproof to the children, or a more frequent snap at their governess, when the hall bell rung with a force that nearly frightened her into hysterics; and before she could collect her scattered wits sufficiently to think what it meant, the door flew open with a bound, and a loud, clear, and rather unfeminine voice exclaimed:

"So you're at breakfast yet? That's good. I declare, I'm half famished!"

"Why, Bell, child, is that you?" cried the old lady.

"Yes, it's me," and the visitor came forward, with more energy than grace, making a good deal of noise and display with her heavy trailing robes. "Don't get up; how do, auntie?" and she bent down, and touched her red lips to the sallow cheek; then she turned round—"And these are poor Mary Ann's children," she said, giving them a kiss, too. "And this, I suppose, is the new governess," and, although she did not kiss her, she offered her handsome jeweled hand very heartily, and said, in quite the same tone as she had spoken to the others, "I hope you are well, Miss Bond."

Miss Trevor was horrified.

"Bell!" she said, more severely than she had ever spoken to her favorite before.

The young lady had by this time removed her hat, cloak and furs, disposing of them wherever she found an unoccupied chair.

"Well, auntie, are you going to offer me some breakfast?"

"Directly, my dear. Jennie Bond, if the children and you have finished, you can retire," and she did not speak again until her commands had been obeyed, when she turned to the waiting servant and said:

"Katherine, lay a plate and set a chair for Miss Hill; and then bring in some hot rolls and fresh coffee. Have you had a pleasant season, Bell?"

"So-so. It would have been a great deal pleasanter, of course, if I had been regularly out; but that isn't to be for another year. Mamma has had Flo. and Fan. on her hands this winter. I suppose that three of us would have been too many."

"Never mind, dear,—it won't be any the worse for waiting. I am going to give the dress and ornaments for your entrance party; they shall be handsome; I promise you just what you choose to have."

"Thank you, Auntie."

"Bell," said the old lady, abruptly, "that was the governess that you shook hands with."

"I know."

"But you shouldn't have done it."

"No! Why not?"

"I shouldn't think you need to ask that—brought up as you have been! Look at her position."

"Oh! that's nothing to me; I may treat her civilly."

"That isn't all, Bell; she means to marry my nephew."

"Nonsense, Auntie."

"You may nonsense as much as you please—it's the blessed truth."

Miss Bell looked up from breaking apart the roll that had just been brought her.

"But she couldn't do it."

"I'm not so sure of that; she's as handsome as a pink."

"And he's as proud as—Lucifer."

"Lucifer's pride wasn't equal to keeping him in heaven," was the sharp retort. "I tell you, she has got a face like a wax doll, and you can't show me a man who wouldn't make himself a fool for beauty."

"Mr. Trevor isn't like other men."

"No, he aint; that's the very reason he'd marry her, if he took a notion. Other men would look to see who she is, and what she is; he wouldn't. Bell, dear,"—and the shrill old voice softened almost to tenderness—"I wanted you to marry James."

Miss Hill had abandoned her roll and sat leaning her dimpled elbow on the table, and her cheek against her hand. She did not look confused, or even blush at this direct approach to so delicate a subject.

"I know you did," she said, without hesitation.

"And I want you to, now."

"You are very kind, dear Auntie."

"But if things are going on as they've begun, I shall have to take it out in wanting."

"Things don't need to go on as they've begun; they haven't begun right. Who is she?"

"The Lord knows; I don't, and I wish I didn't need to inquire."

"You don't like her, Aunt Sam?"

"No; why should I? She's a regular come-down upstart, if there ever was one in this world! Why, she don't no more mind what I say than if I was a regular giraffy in the picture-book."

"I don't think I shall like her, either; certainly not if she interferes with my"—she corrected herself—"with your plans."

"Then you would like to marry James—tell the truth—you really would?"

"Yes, I should; for many reasons. Mamma and the girls couldn't domineer over me as they do now, and, let me do what I pleased, I should be equal to any of our set; and"—here she had the grace to drop her blue eyes and color a trifle—"and then he is decidedly stylish, and I like him a little."

"You're a good girl, Isabel," said Miss Samantha, energetically, "and know what's what better than one-half the women twice your age."

Miss Hill shrugged her broad shoulders significantly.

"As if I haven't had reason! And now, you dear old soul," she added, more lightly, "pray let me go on with my breakfast; I haven't had a mouthful to eat this morning, and we can talk as well by-and-by as now."

Isabel Hill was what the circumstances of her birth and a fashionable education—not nature, had made her—a fair sample of the "best society," young ladies of the present century. She was not particularly intellectual, she was not high-toned and rich in all those winning qualities which make up the character of the perfect woman, and she was supremely selfish. Still, in spite of that, she was neither wholly unprincipled nor systematically wicked; and, furthermore, she was no worse than many, and not half so bad as some girls would have been, born and bred to her condition. If she had been better, much of the pain and disgrace which fell upon an innocent head might have been spared it; but, on the other hand, if she had been more depraved, that head might have been lying under the frozen sod this windy March afternoon on which I write, instead of moving, a handsome woman, among the honored of the land, the silver of age mingling with the gold of youth. I did not like Isabel Hill, but I must make such excuse for her as charity should. I must be just, so far as it is possible for human nature to be.

CHAPTER VI.

OUTWITTED.

Miss Trevor was fully determined to rid the house of the obnoxious governess, in the interval of her nephew's absence; and Bell Hill, now that she knew how much such a step promised to improve her own matrimonial prospects, was ready to help her with heart and hand. How this movement was to be accomplished neither had the slightest idea; they trusted to a little time and much strategy therefore, with a faith which would have been highly commendable had it been better directed; and when their perplexity had reached its height, a certain person, who shall be nameless, stepped forward, and mapped out what looked to be a safe and pleasant way enough, and one leading straight to the Canaan of their desire. It is strange, by-the-by, how very helpful this same individual, without a name, can be upon some occasions, and how neutral upon others.

Bert Thorne came down to Riverville one day shortly after Miss Hill's arrival. As he had never been in the habit of thus coming in the past, and as he had no invitation to do so now, his sudden appearance might have excited remark, had he not introduced himself with the little off-hand speech that, "There wasn't anything special doing in town, and so he thought he'd just take a run down to see the children." But that put quite a presentable face on the affair. The little girls were his dead father's daughters—what more natural than he should visit them; so he saw them, and he saw Jennie Bond also, whom he did not mention in his speech, but who, perhaps, was not less an object of interest to him for all that.

Jennie did not mean to meet him, and held herself as much apart as was possible from the rest of the family for two days; finding this out, he walked into the school-room one afternoon after the children were dismissed.

"So you thought you could hide yourself from me?" he said. "Pretty Jennie, you couldn't do that when I came down here for the sole purpose of seeing you."

Jennie uttered a little scream, and dropped the book she had been deeply engaged in; she had not heard him until he spoke, and his sudden appearance startled her.

"What! did I frighten you, birdling?" he said, reaching forth his hand, and softly stroking her shining hair.

She drew away from his caress.

"Oh, why have you come here?" she said, walking to the other side of the room.

"Why have you hidden from me, you little beauty—were you afraid? (following her.) I was a brute once, but I have been sorry enough for it since. I have come to be friends with you; say you forgive me, Jennie."

"What do you care for my forgiveness?"

"I may care for a reason you do not dream of; perhaps I am penitent—nothing is impossible."

"No, nothing is impossible with God, so I forgive you."

"Do it heartily—not in that cold fashion. Give me your hand; let me feel that you are in earnest."

She gave him her hand, but not very willingly; he took it eagerly, and carried it to his lips, (which were dry and hot) almost scorching to the tender surface.

"To think I could have been so cruel to you, you pretty dove!" he said, in hurried, impassioned tones. "Let me atone for it. Are you happy here?"

"As I could be anywhere."

"No—no, no, don't say that; I could make you happier than you ever dreamed of being. Go with me, and see if I cannot."

"Is this your penitence? Oh! why do you treat me so? You are a free, happy, honored man. I am only a poor, wretched, despised woman; you have everything—I nothing, but a temporary asylum among strangers, and you would rob me of even that! Oh, how can your face be so fair when your heart is so stony, stony hard!"

"Oh, Jennie, I love you—I love you—I love you!" he cried. "I would make you my wife, I swear, if I could; but you know I can't do that. But only go with me, and I will be everything to you that a husband could be, and more, for I would be your lover always. Oh, darling! I love you so!"

Jennie made every effort to free herself from his vice-like grasp, but without success.

"Pretty flatterer," he said, "I shall not let you go until you give me one yes for an answer."

"Then you will never leave this room!"

"What! You are not going to be as foolish now as you were once before? I bore a good deal from you then which I would not submit to twice from any woman. Have a care, Jennie Bond; this is the last time I shall offer you my love!"

"I pray heaven it may be!"

He put her suddenly away, and gazed fixedly at her, his brow growing darker with every second of that protracted scrutiny.

"What do you mean by such an answer as that?"

"It is too plain to require explanation."

He sprang back. "Curse you!" he cried, furiously. "I should like to strike you dead!" And he raised his slender hand menacingly.

"Strike, if it suits you," was the fearless answer. "Death would be far preferable to the life you offer!"

He stood and looked at her a moment without speaking; his arm fell against his side, and a mocking smile curled his red lips.

"Yes, I will strike!" he said, significantly. "I will strike, as you shall find: but not here and now." And with that he left her.

Bert Thorne remained at Riverville another day. Jennie did not see him in the interval, but she partly learned what his threat of striking meant, on the morning following his departure, during an interview with Miss Trevor, in the library, to which she was summoned. Kitty came up to her room with the message.

"I don't know what she wants, Miss," she added, on her own account; "but she does look terrible grum. Now you mind me, and put on an uppish face. No matter what she says, don't you care nor mind a single bit about it."

"I don't think there is anything to care about, Kitty," Jennie replied quietly. But, when she got down stairs, she found that she had been mistaken.

The library had two occupants—Isabella Hill, who lounged on a low sofa a few feet from the fire, and Miss Trevor, who sat bolt upright in the straight-backed office-chair before her nephew's desk. The young woman looked curious, the old one cruel; but neither spoke.

"You sent for me, Miss Trevor," Jennie said.

"Yes; I did. Come here where I can see you."

Jennie came forward and stood directly before her.

"I sent for you, Jennie Bond," the implacable old woman began, in a cold, measured voice, "to tell you that I've discovered what I suspected all along—that you ain't the girl you ought to be, or that you make believe to be; and, consequently, that you ain't fit to occupy your present position."

A terrible fear seized the poor girl. She grew dizzy, and caught at the desk for support.

"What do you mean, madame?"

"I mean that my grand-nephew, like the moral young man that he is, has given me a full account of your shameless conduct of yesterday, when you endeavored to entrap him into a proposal of marriage!"

Jennie breathed more easily; even this was so much more favorable than what she had apprehended.

"And is that all?" she asked.

"All! you bold hussy; isn't that enough? Why, you're worse than I thought for!"

"Mr. Thorne has told you a falsehood, madame! How dared he speak thus of me?"

"Dare, indeed! Oh! if James was only here!"

"I am willing to be judged by him. He will know that I speak the truth."

"But he won't, though!" cried Miss Samantha, wrathfully. "You won't wait for that. You're dismissed—here and now. There's your wages—a month in advance!" And she tossed forward an envelope, which fell to the floor. Jennie allowed it to remain there. She had partly recovered her presence of mind by this, and hastily determined how to proceed.

"I shall not accept your dismissal, Miss Trevor," she said, coolly.

"Wha-wha-what!"

Isabella Hill had hitherto taken no part in the conversation, but she now said:

"It will be wiser for you to go, Miss Bond."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, I do. I look at the case impartially, you know; and I can see that you could not do a worse thing for yourself than to remain here, under existing circumstances."

"Do you believe Bert Thorne's story, Miss Hill?"

"It would only be natural—what he said."

"I asked you if you believed it."

The young lady shrugged her shoulders impatiently.

"I don't say that I do believe it, or that I don't; all I do say is that you had better go away from here."

"Go!" echoed the old lady, who had at length found her voice. "Of course she'll go, before another twenty-four hours."

Jennie drew herself haughtily up, while the imperious look which she sometimes, and so easily, assumed, settled down over her lovely face.

"I beg your pardon, madame," she said, courteously, yet with a resolution not to be mistaken, "but I shall not go until Mr. Trevor's return; he employed me, and from none but him will I accept my dismissal!" And having made this declaration, she took the liberty of retiring, without so much as asking leave.

In spite of her chagrin, Miss Hill laughed. "Out-witted," she exclaimed, "and in a good shape, too."

The old woman gave an indignant sniff.

"That girl is no governess, auntie; she is a lady."

"Humph!"

"Well, she was born one, I know. Look at the way she walked off; show me another one that could have done it so well. And then, how she answered you!"

"So much the worse," cried Miss Trevor, shaking with wrath. "She's a sassy, impudent thing, that's what she is; and if she don't get some of them high and mighty notions took out of her head before she's a week older, my name aint Samantha Trevor!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE SECRET.

Jennie Bond was now made to suffer countless indignities at the hands of the malevolent spinster, who spared no pains to further her designs; but her utmost malice and cunning was powerless to rout the young girl, who, in the face of it all, carried out her determination of remaining at Riverville until the return of its master.

Mr. Trevor came home fully a week before he had anticipated; and his aunt lost no time in making known to him the delinquency of the unfortunate governess. He allowed her to tell the story in her own way, imposing no check on her volubility; but his face darkened all through the recital, and by the time it was finished he looked really more angry than she ever remembered to have seen him before; this she construed as favorable to her cause, and it led her to add, in conclusion, in a triumphant voice:

"Now what do you think of that?"

"Think! I think the fellow is both an ass and a knave, which is more than I suspected him of being!" was the wrathful reply. "And I think if ever he dares to show his head inside of this house again while I'm master of it, he'll go out in a way that he wouldn't relish!"

"Nephew!" screamed the old lady, "what do you mean?"

But she got no answer, for the incensed man had left the room.

Mr. Trevor went straight to the library, and ringing for a servant sent word to Miss Bond that, if she could spare the time, he

would like to see her a few minutes. Jennie did not dare give herself space in which to think what the message might portend, but went to him at once. Her courage, which had been getting lower at every step, almost failed her, when she had entered the library and seen Mr. Trevor's face. It was not the grave yet kind face she so well remembered, but cold and severe; and he sat in the chair in which his aunt had sat, during that painful interview of four weeks ago. He arose as she came in, and advanced to meet her; his brow did not lighten as he remarked her pale cheek and agitated manner. He said nothing beyond "good evening" to her, until he had seen her seated in the most comfortable chair the room afforded; then, himself still standing, he said abruptly:

"Miss Bond, I have sent for you to express my deep regret for the insults which I know—for the injuries which I have every reason to fear you have received in this house during my absence. I think that you will believe that if I had been at home, or even if I had dreamed of the possibility of such things happening before I went away, nothing of the kind would have occurred."

The relief which these words brought her almost took Jennie's breath away; feeling faint and dizzy, she leaned her head against the velvet cushion of her chair, and closed her eyes. Now Mr. Trevor had full opportunity to see how she had changed in the past few weeks. She looked thin and worn. The color had forsaken her cheek, and the appearance of three light yet distinct lines across her fair brow smote him to the heart. He leaned forward and stroked her soft, fair hair—not as Bert Thorne had done, but with shy, reverent fingers.

"My poor child!"

She opened her eyes; they were full of tears.

"I am very foolish—but—I thought you would never come," she said, naively.

"Were they so unkind as that?"

"I would not say so; perhaps I was too sensitive."

For a moment Mr. Trevor was silent; then, still standing by her side, and still smoothing her golden hair:

"There's one way," he said, thoughtfully, "in which I can put an end to this. I love you—be my wife."

"Oh, sir! Oh, sir!"

"Will you?"

"No, no! Oh, no, no, no!"

"Is it because you think you could not love me, that you refuse?"

"No."

"Then what is it? tell me. I love you very dearly, Jennie."

"I can't tell you; but the answer is no. It must be no."

"Child, you know what you are saying? it is not merely caprice that leads you to answer me so?"

"God knows it is not."

He went and brought a chair, and sat down by her.

"Jennie," he said, impressively, "you believe that I am your friend—your true friend?"

"Yes."

"You would trust me?"

"Yes, as I would trust no other person in the world."

"Prove that you would do so. You carry with you some unhappy secret; confide it to me."

She shrank to the further side of her chair.

"No, no; I cannot! I cannot!"

"Perhaps I might help you."

"No one can help me but God; and He will not."

"My child, you should not say that."

"I would not if it were not true; oh, sir, if you knew—"

"I want to know. I am not yet convinced that I could not aid you."

She turned her head wearily to and fro.

"No, you could not."

"But at least I could give you my sympathy; and no sorrow is ever so hard to bear when shared by a faithful friend."

She turned and fixed an eager, searching look upon his face—what a good face it was; it would never betray her, she was sure; and what a relief it would be to rest this terrible burden, which was wearying and hurting her soul so, upon another soul, who would receive it without reproach, and perhaps help her a little to bear it. Almost she was tempted to trust him,—oh, if she had done so, how much pain she might have spared both him and herself. But an impulse to which she could give no name, restrained her, and she turned back again.

"No," she said, bitterly, "I cannot; it is my secret—let me carry it alone, till I hide it in the grave."

Mr. Trevor ceased to urge her.

"Do as you choose, my dear child," he said, tenderly, "but if the time should ever come when you think and feel differently, pray remember that I shall stand as ready then to serve you—if I am living—as I do now."

Then another brief silence ensued, broken by Jennie.

"I must go away from here," she said.

"Why must you go?"

"I think it would be best."

"Why best? You will have annoyance here, undoubtedly,—my aunt will be one; but you would be just as likely to find them elsewhere."

"I was not thinking of that."

"Of what, then, were you thinking? Do you propose to go because I asked you a little while ago to be my wife?"

"I think you might be happier, perhaps, if I were not here," the young girl replied, with that unaffected frankness which constituted one of her charms.

"On the contrary, under existing circumstances, I should be far less happy. It is true that I shall have many a pang looking at you, and feeling how sorely I want you for my wife, and knowing that you cannot be my wife; but I would rather suffer twice the torture that I shall suffer from that sight and that knowledge, than to live apart from you with the fear that you were liable to I know not what dangers, or exposed to I know not what vexation and pain. I love you so tenderly, my darling girl, although I may not put that love into very ardent words as a younger man might; that although God has forbidden me to be your husband, or even your lover, I will be your very best friend."

"But I may bring trouble upon you if I stay. Let me go! Oh, it is far better that I should go. If—if Bert Thorne should ——"

"Jennie, is Bert Thorne acquainted with your secret?"

"Yes."

"How came he by it?"

She shuddered violently.

"I—I knew him once," she faltered.

"Did you know anything of him that was not to his credit?"

"I don't think I ought to answer that."

"I only ask for your good."

"I understand; but I would rather not say anything. If I make any reply, I must tell the whole story, and—my God!" she cried, painfully agitated, "I can't do that; I can't—I can't for the love of Heaven! Don't ask me to!"

Mr. Trevor fixed a searching look upon her pallid face.

"Jennie," he said, gravely, "pardon me if the question hurts you, but—is it a sin for you to keep this secret?"

She lifted her beautiful brown eyes to him; they were shadowy with some terrible grief, and her cheek flushed crimson, but there was not a sign of guilt there.

"No," she said, slowly, but without hesitation, "no, I don't think it is."

He believed her fully; he could not help it after that look and tone.

"Then I am satisfied," he said, "come what may I will not doubt you, and I will protect and help you as a father would, should circumstances arise in which you require such protection and such aid. Remember I am *ever your true friend.*"

He little dreamed how soon, or how severely, his confidence would be put to test.

(To be continued in our next.)

TOO LATE.

BY E. W. PHILLIPS.

"What do you want?"

"I *did* want to *see my husband*. But I beg pardon, for I perceive *he* is not here!"

The question was curt, rude, rough, even; the reply impetuous, cuttingly sarcastic, and with a hot dash of anger in its tones. You would never have thought that William Maillard could have spoken so to his sweet young wife, just as any coarse, fiery man might, in an imperious mood, to an intrusive servant or an annoying beggar. Nor would you have thought, either, that lovely Alice Maillard could have grown so flushed and disturbed, and vented such a reply to the husband she loved better than life itself, and then turned and walked away with such a queenly step from his presence.

It certainly was an unpleasant and unfortunate mood the merchant was in that evening. The close of the year was near at hand, and all day long he had been perplexed by a thousand cares incidental to his large business: besides, he had discovered a gross error in the books—and had taken them home with him that evening to endeavor to trace its source and rectify it.

It was in this mood, his brows knitted with perplexity, that his girl-wife came upon him in the quiet library, whither he had retired after dinner; and, stealing softly up behind him, had playfully blinded his eyes with one of her white hands, at the same time pushing away the thick ledger over the table.

In an instant, the quick, rough question, that spoke of annoyance, burst from his lips; and, in an instant more, the white hand was snatched away, the little, graceful head tossed high, a red spot leaped to both cheeks, and the cutting, sarcastic answer was flung back.

In a few moments more the merchant was left alone, his handsomely-shaped head, covered with thick, iron-gray locks, bent again over his books, but with a compression of his lips and a glitter in his eye one seldom saw there; while the girl-wife was sitting in the parlor, quiet as a statue, but with the same high color and excited mien with which she had left the library.

For some minutes Alice Maillard sat thus, perfectly motionless, looking straight before her; then her mien softened—a grieved, wounded look crept over her eyes; her shut lips relaxed and quivered with feeling, and she burst into tears, and sobbed as though her very heart would break. The sobs swelled tempestuously, and the tears rolled over the cheeks now pale with emotion; but after a time she grew calmer.

"I am sorry I spoke so," she said, confessing her fault to herself with as much earnestness as though her husband were a listener. "I am sorry. If William was rough," (here the lips swelled again,) "I was hasty. I suppose those tiresome books troubled him. I will go and apologize;" and, rising, she left the room, and walked through the hall to the library. But, laying her hand on the knob of the door, she was surprised to find it fastened. The key was turned.

"Unkind!" she said now, the red spots deepening again on the cheek; and, noiselessly as she had come, she returned to the parlor.

Two hours crept away; lonesome enough, felt the solitary Alice, striving to pass the time with her work, upon which, now and then, a tear dropped silently. All that time, however, her thoughts were busy; and she clung to he first resolve not to sleep until she had made peace with her husband. For it was a new thing to this lovely young creature—the pet of her girlhood home and the bride of less than a year—to hear a harsh word or utter an unkind one; and all that long evening, while she sat there in tears, seemed an age to her. Ah! little Alice, can such exquisitely keen suffering ever, ever come again?

Ten, eleven o'clock struck; and then she heard the library door open, and her husband's footsteps along the hall. But they did not pause at the parlor, though the door was partially ajar; they passed on, and he ascended the staircase to their chamber. This was too much. Hot tears again swelled in the large, sensitive eyes; and womanly indignation again prompted her to remain below until she was calm; and when she went up to her room, her husband was, or pretended to be, fast-locked in sleep.

Next morning, at breakfast, the young wife was quite prepared to expect the way might be easier for the establishment of peace between them; but there was a reserve and iciness in Mr. Maillard's manner which quite frustrated this intention. He hurried through the meal, went to the library for the books, looked into the breakfast-room again for a courteous "good morning," but did not unbend to bestow the customary parting kiss.

Alice felt more than ever grieved, thus thrown back upon herself. All day long she was most unhappy, and could not settle herself about her usual employments. The feelings she suffered were so new to her; it was something she had never thought could happen—to speak a quick, angry word to one who was all the world to her; and, no matter though she had been betrayed into the utterance, she never could be happy again till it had been explained and forgiven. She *would* speak to her husband before sleep again sealed her eyelids—although very sound, indeed, had not been the slumber that visited her last night.

When evening arrived, and Mr. Maillard came home to dinner, Alice met him as usual with an affectionate greeting, and put up her lips for the customary kiss; but very icy was the salutation, and such a tone of restraint pervaded his manner that she found herself deterred from uttering a word. At table Mr. Maillard was politely attentive, and led the conversation to subjects of general interest, keeping it up so skillfully that not an opening appeared for the introduction of any reference to the particular subject that engrossed his wife's mind; and when he rose, he said:

"I have an engagement at the office to-night, Mrs. Maillard, and it will probably be late when I return," and went out.

"Why did I not speak? I can't let it pass so! He is cold as an iceberg. I *will* have an explanation before I sleep to-night," said Alice, passionately. "He shan't treat me like a child any longer."

It was late when Mr. Maillard returned, and he did not expect to find the watcher who sat in the parlor; and a little surprise was in his glance when he entered, but he made no comment.

"It is after twelve, I know, William—but I sat up for you. The truth is, I wanted to speak to you about—about"—but here she paused.

"Well?"

There was but little encouragement in the cool monosyllable that Mr. Maillard uttered—and the eyes upon which his wife's were turned appealingly held no glance of tenderness to lure her on the step that was now growing painful to her, although he very well knew what was going on in her mind. Was this man a hardened boor?

He had many excellent traits; and he had not really felt comfortably himself since that affair in the library; but he had a strong, passionate nature, and an iron will that had never been subdued; and, like many of his proud and imperious type, he would neither bend to acknowledgments himself nor seem to encourage, by any tenderness of manner, his wife's. So he sat, stately and frigid, in the seat he had taken by the register.

Meanwhile, Alice—affectionate and sensitive, with her whole heart in her eyes, and those eyes eagerly beseeching his—stood near him, where she had advanced as she spoke. At first, it had been easy for her to utter those words; but that one unimpassioned monosyllable checked further utterance and froze her lips. But at length she burst out, passionately:

"I *will* speak! William, you know what I want to say. I am very unhappy!" and the hot tears thickened her voice.

"What makes you unhappy, Mrs. Maillard?"

Yes, that man actually asked this question—he, who knew just how that noble, sensitive, affectionate girl was suffering. Not an embrace—no opening of his arms to draw her to his breast—no kiss on her quivering mouth, no tremor in his own tones; but, instead, that impassive question:

"What makes you unhappy, Mrs. Maillard?"

For an instant, the ice-floe, driven into the gulf-stream of feeling, checked its tropic current; then it swept on again, but not so warm as before.

"I am unhappy because I have suffered—am suffering. I want a reconciliation. You know, William—those words spoken in the library the other night. I was sorry the very minute afterwards."

"And I was sorry also, Mrs. Maillard. Any exhibition of impetuousness—temper, I might say—disgusts me. I think any wife ought to know that, and avoid such occasion. But I forgive you."

Mr. Maillard said this as loftily as though he were a judge, pronouncing sentence—as though he, himself, were not the cause of it all. A chill ran through poor Alice's veins. She had read of lovers' quarrels and trifling estrangements between the married — but here was a new phase. She had expected to be taken to her husband's heart and restored to happiness again. She never dreamed of thus being thrown off, baffled by the power of that cruel will—she who was all heart and affection. If he was only downright angry with her—would only scold her roundly—then the tempest would pass; but no, there was only this lofty assumption of superiority. She was cast back on herself, and could say nothing. Chilled, amazed, humiliated, and half stunned by the turn the matter had taken, the poor girl-wife turned to her chamber.

Mr. Maillard sat for perhaps a half-hour ere he left the parlor, buried in a reverie. The expression of his eyes interpreted this thought:

"I *intended* to let her suffer; and I intend that she shall suffer more. It is not a man's place to yield. A wife's spirit should be broken to her husband's. When I think she is sufficiently punished, I shall take her back to my heart again."

And the poor girl above was taking her first lesson in that bitterest knowledge that ever comes to woman's heart—the realization that she is treated unfairly and unkindly.

Days, and weeks, and months followed that first rupture between William Maillard and his wife; and, though, to all outward appearances, they were attentive, and, in society, as happy as ever, yet Alice felt that the gulf between them had never been bridged. She had, indeed, often essayed to fling across it the rosy bands of affection; but in that chill, icy air they had withered speedily ere they reached him, standing on the other side. And yet, had any one come to that man, and said to him: "You are to blame, and are daily adding to your sin," he would indignantly have denied it.

The truth was, his imperious will, pampered by that first entire submission on the part of his wife, had grown with what it fed upon until it overshadowed his whole nature.

Situated as she was now, Alice grew daily more unhappy. Week after week, month after month went by; and she hungered after the word of love that never came. Sometimes, goaded almost to agony by this slow torture, she grew capricious; but the cool eyes, the lofty manner, and that steady negative course of her husband—neither repellant nor inviting—only added to her sorrow.

"Her spirit is not broken yet," Mr. Maillard said, to himself; and so he kept up his system of wifely training.

It was at this time that a summons came from Alice's girlhood home. Her widowed mother, long an invalid, was rapidly failing; and the elder sister—good, kind, motherly Hester—and her high-browed, student, twin-brother Horace, sent an urgent message for her presence. She departed in haste—so hastily that the train was reached within an hour after the receipt of the telegram; and she traveled alone, as Mr. Maillard's business engagements were of that nature to detain him at home at that season.

When the merchant, evening after evening, returned to his handsome house, deserted save by the servants, he began to grow more dissatisfied with its cheerless aspect than he thought could be possible, or would have acknowledged to another. Once, entering the drawing-room, so dreary and empty-looking, of an evening after he had visited his club, he paused before an exquisitely-crayoned portrait on the wall, and said, with more feeling than he had shown for many a month:

"Home is lonely without you, Alice!"

Ah, if he had only bethought himself to write such a sentence to *her!*

The days went by; and in her girlhood home, the trio watched around the bed of their dying mother. The summer vines clambered up against the walls; the roses reddened in the garden; the June grass grew tall and waved in the warm south winds; while the hectic deepened on the consumptive's cheek, and the life-tide ebbed more faintly through her heart.

At the close of one of those perfect days, when the last red sunset arrows slanted through the windows, the end came; the earth-life passed into the Better; and the meek eyes, closing here with maternal love lingering last in their gaze, opened again to look upon the glories of the Beautiful Land, where illness never comes, nor Death's dark pinion droops.

On the day following the funeral, Mr. Maillard bore his wife back to their home again. At the parting, Alice wept unrestrainedly upon the bosom of her twin-brother, then turned to receive her sister's farewell kiss.

"I must be mother to you now," said Hester—faithful, devoted woman, ten years older than the weeper she held in her arms; and then she whispered: "In your trial I will come to you. Keep up a good heart, darling; and don't brood too much on our grief, for the sake of your own health now."

After the carriage had rolled away, Horace stood by the window a long time, in deep thought; then he turned suddenly to his sister, and said, in a somewhat restrained voice:

"Hester, do you think William Maillard makes Alice happy?"

"Certainly—why not, Horace? What a question! No one could fail to see how attentive he is; and I wonder such a thought could enter your mind."

Good Hester's answer was quickly rendered; but a line that corrugated her own brows betrayed what she would not allow her lips to utter, even to her brother.

"They say that twins have a magnetic sympathy for their mates. I seem to feel that Alice is not as light hearted as she was when she left us. Nineteen to-morrow, and she looks full five years older than when she left us, a year and a half ago. If Maillard don't make her happy, I shall hate him!" and a stern, bitter expression settled on the youth's handsome face.

"Why, Horace, how strangely you do talk!" persisted Hester. "Of course, Ally wouldn't seem as usual. Mother's death, you know"—and here the usually calm, self-centred woman's lip quivered.

Horace's own deep hazel eyes filled. The boy had a tender, womanly heart.

"It may be my fancy only. I hope so, Hester!"—but he stood long in thought.

After their return home, Mr. Maillard's mien softened towards his wife. He could not see her, going about in her mourning, with her pale, sad face, and quiet ways, without relaxing from his olden manner. But still his pride, so long dominant, mastered him sufficiently to withhold him from the manifestation of his returning tenderness, save by constant watchfulness, and by surrounding her with such luxuries as wealth could procure. Books, pictures, the latest music, flowers, every dainty of the season, these came to her. Ah, if he had only known that a tender word to a hungry heart is better than any gift gold can buy!

Alice accepted all with a sweetness that never failed her now. Indeed, Mr. Maillard marveled to see how submissive she had become. There were no rebellings now; no flaming up of the old high spirit; no passionate outbreaks—and, alas! no passionate yearnings for tenderness. Her lips were never lifted now for a kiss; her eyes never sought his with wishful eagerness for the food, answering glance; her slender hand no longer slid caressingly into his. That time, with her, was past.

One evening, sitting in that same library where she had stolen upon him once, the windows open in the warm air of the August night, Mr. Maillard fell to thinking of this.

"How different Alice is from what she was last winter! My course was most judicious. Her disposition has improved. But she has grown so pale lately."

From that soliloquy Mr. Maillard was roused by the sudden entrance of the lady's maid, with a communication of importance relative to his wife.

An hour later, a baby boy's frail life fluttered into existence, but for one brief moment only, then went out again; and the young mother lay dying on her pillows. No kind, motherly, sustaining elder sister was there, to close those deep violet eyes with a tearful kiss; and the twin-brother, who loved her with such passionate, enduring tenderness, only came to look upon her white face in her coffin.

William Maillard stood, mute and dazed, when they told him his wife's life-moments were rapidly pouring into Eternity. There was no time then for confessions, pleadings, or regrets—no time to tell her aught, save the few, broken sobs that surged in a thick, turbid torrent from his heavily-throbbing heart. Only time to receive the faint pressure of the little outstretched hand, the last meek, loving smile, and to hear the two latest words that fluttered over the pale lips, as her dying gaze was lifted upward:

"Mother! Heaven!"

They buried her in the churchyard of her village home, beside her mother; buried her with the dead baby on her breast. Hester's sad face—aged ere she had passed into life's full prime—settled into deeper lines, lines that would grow deeper still with the years that could never restore the loved ones to the faithful heart of the mourner.

The twin-brother, all aflush with youth and promise, stunned and nearly crazed by the terrible blow, felt that half his own bright, young life was laid away under the earth-sod.

And William Maillard—strong, proud man, whose imperious will had never yielded before—was smitten by the fiat of the Almighty. He was left alone with remorse and regret. No need now to open his empty heart; she could never enter more. He must sit down in the ashes of its desolation. No need now to relax his iron rule; she was beyond his reach.

It was *too late.*

LEARN ALL YOU CAN.—Never omit any opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said that, even in the stage-coach, he always found somebody who could tell him something he did not know before. Conversation is frequently more useful than books for purposes of knowledge. It is, therefore, a mistake to be morose and silent among persons whom we think to be ignorant; for a little sociability on your part will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you something, no matter how ordinary their employment. Indeed, some of the most sagacious remarks are made by persons of this kind, respecting their particular pursuit. Hugh Miller, the geologist, owes not a little of his fame to observations made when he was a journeyman stone-mason, and working in a quarry. Socrates well said there was but one good, which is knowledge, and one evil, which is ignorance. Every grain of sand goes to make up the heap. A gold-digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not fool enough to throw them away because he hopes to find a large lump sometime. So, in acquiring knowledge, we should never despise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment's leisure, spend it over good or instructive talking with the first you meet.

A STROKE OF LUCK IN THE AFRICAN DIAMOND-FIELDS.

BY A. W. RADCLIFFE.

It was at the time when the fever of enterprise on the diamond-fields first became the rage that I took my passage on board a London steamer bound to South Africa. We reached Algoa Bay after a pleasant run of thirty-five days. Were it not for trespassing too much on the reader's time, I might be tempted to record some of the incidents of the voyage, as well as the journey up to the fields, but these I leave for a future occasion. Let it be sufficient to say that I reached the scene of the grand lottery, after fifty days of wearisome march under the broiling heat of an African sun.

I had resolved from the first to join no party, and to have no associates, until I had seen the characteristics of the spot, and the real nature of the work to be done. With this intention, therefore, I had taken with me very few things, and these only what I absolutely wanted.

Faithful to my purpose, I spent the first days of my arrival in looking around me, and in endeavoring to settle my mind as to what I should set about. There certainly were many opportunities of embarking my capital, but each one seemed ill adapted to my peculiar views. After delaying, therefore, longer perhaps than I need have done without having found a comrade with whom, foolishly fastidious as I was, I felt disposed to share my fortunes, or having even determined how to proceed, I began to grow uneasy, and wished now heartily that I could have linked myself with a young fellow with whom I had reciprocated during the voyage, but whom circumstances had detained at Port Elizabeth, which, by the way, is the port of Algoa Bay.

In the midst of these reflections, and while still musing on my peculiar position, what was my delight to meet with the very object of my thoughts—my old chum, Clincher. Now Bob Clincher was a right good fellow, and made of the right stuff, too; energetic and muscular; full of spirits and of lively humor; he was an excellent companion, and one, as experience proved, steady and true. I need not say, therefore, that I hailed this unexpected meeting with Bob as the hand of providence to help me out of my difficulty; and, with a hearty welcome, I saluted him.

* * * * * *

To business we went next morning, and on a claim which I felt a lurking desire from the first to set foot on, and, if possible, thoroughly work, but which, from want of proper co-operation, I had been compelled to forego. The labor, however, bestowed on the selected site, month after month, proved a poor success; and although we were at work early and late, the claim paid us but little, and we had to eke out a scanty livelihood from its unpromising proceeds. Not that we found nothing, but the result of our energy was not such as to reward or even compensate our exertions, or justify my judgment in selecting; still, at it we went each morning with fresh hopes, expecting, with Mr. Micawber, that something must (sooner or later) "turn up."

Matters went on in this way for nearly twelve months, when, one morning, Bob and I, taking our coffee shortly after four o'clock, began, as usual, to speculate on the luck of the coming day; and such was the state of feelings at which we had both arrived after our incessant and unremitting perseverance, that we resolved, unless something did "turn up" that eventful day—the anniversary of our departure from good Old England—that we would give over our search as a bad bargain, throw up our claim, and look out for something to do, more profitable and certain.

To the old spot we wended once more; he to digging and carting, and I to wash; and hour after hour, with hope still ripe in our bosoms, we toiled on, till the heat of the day forced us to desist. Taking, therefore, our dinner, and after that as comfortable a snooze as the excitement of the hour and our fixed resolution, would admit, we started off once more, and now, indeed, for the last time.

It was drawing near sundown, and I had a large heap of soil to get through, when, as was my custom, carefully watching each particle as it passed before me, mentally weighing each, from long experience—my eyes rested—oh, heavens! can I speak my emotion after such long endurance? My eyes were fixed upon a stone, which, in an instant, recompensed us for the sweating brow and the weary heart of many a dreary month. Yes! there it was—a gem of six carats weight, of the purest water—the bright harbinger of my future weal. 'Twas the work only of a moment to take it in my hands, search anxiously for flaws, lightly poise the glittering prize, and, satisfied with what I felt and saw, put it in my pocket, and, with hand still clutching it, hurry off to where Bob was still seeking and shovelling away.

"Bob!"

"Hallo!" he cried; "what's up?" somewhat surprised at my visit, for it was his custom to cart to me, and when the day was done, to call for me on our return.

"Any luck, after all?"

"Yes, by Jove!" I answered; "a beauty!"

"Nonsense!—no humbug!" he said, unwilling to believe his ears.

"True enough, old chum," I rejoined; and showed him the glistening star.

"He'll do!" cried Bob—"he'll do!" scrutinizing the diamond well. "He'll do, and here's knock under for Bob Clincher!" To strengthen this emphatic declaration, he threw down the spade with which he had been toiling.

"Stay," said I; "we'll just cart this matter of earth as it is dug—who knows what may be in it?—and then we'll finish up with the sun.

At it we went together, and shovelling the loose soil into our little handy-cart, with light hearts we drove it before us to the washing-ground, and there cheerily sifted away together. We had gone through all but the last panful in vain, and had made up our minds that it was a poor spec, when its first washing brought us a diamond of eleven carats, and the second another of seven. Here was our fortune made in a few hours, and made for ever—for ever, I say; for neither of us had known what it was to drink or gamble, and save a glass of light liquor now and then, as nature seemed to demand it, not a drop had crossed our lips.

With little ado, we soon disposed of our stock of goods and chattels, and having sold our smaller diamonds for a handsome sum, with faces as bright as the dawn, we set off on our homeward way by the same route which, twelve months before, we had each separately traversed, full of hope and determination.

On the 20th of November Bob and I parted, not without pain; he for Calcutta, and I for England, where I burned to greet once more the dear ones I had left so reluctantly behind.

It had been agreed between us that we should divide the money already realized, and that I should take the large stone to England, to offer it in the best market there, for we calculated on its making a handsome figure. I took passage the same day for London, and the next morning saw me on my return voyage to the haven of my rest. The pleasures I felt in the thought of seeing home once more, and its darling inmates, was more than I could possibly describe.

As soon as the vessel got some way out to sea, I began to feel the old sense of squeamishness and nausea which had troubled me the first few days of my residence on board when outward bound. I had taken a first class ticket, and as the saloon passengers were but few in number, I had the pleasure of a cabin to myself, and hoped, after the first week, to thoroughly enjoy the voyage. After a few days, I began to recover from my indisposition, and even ventured to enter with some spirit into the preparations which were being made by some on board to get up a little entertainment for the Christmas. Towards evening, however, I was compelled by my uncomfortable feelings to give up my choice of the anticipated pleasure of Yule-tide. I had retired to my bunk, and had fallen gradually off to sleep, when towards midnight I was awakened by a noise and uproar in the saloon, where some of my jovial fellow-passengers, having imbibed too freely, were making merry over their cups. After a while, however, the discord ceased, and as morning advanced, the sound of voices hushed; but there I lay, restless and uneasy, and vainly courting sleep. The thoughts of the precious gem beneath my pillow; of the surprise the sight of me would give the faithful hearts at home; the hopes and fears attendant on a forty days' passage; the fresh incidents that would arise; the places we should call at—all united to banish sleep from my pillow, and to excite and overheat my already disordered brain.

Suddenly, as I lay thus anxious, restless, and weary, I became conscious of the sound of muffled footsteps approaching, and seemingly gliding into my room, the door of which I had left open. Presently the intruder was within, and, with feet bare, softly moving about amidst the furniture. In my then state of nervous excitement, I became alarmed, and, from the suddenness with which I was taken aback, I was unable to speak, and, half-paralyzed, waited, with painful uncertainty, what would next occur.

Groping about in the dark, my suspicious visitor drew nearer my bunk; slowly and gently his hands moved along the bed-clothes, which were lightly thrown over me. My heart beat rapidly, and thumped loudly against my chest, while a chilly perspiration burst from every pore in my skin, as I felt the bony fingers gliding towards my throat. At that moment the blood tingled sharply through my limbs, and, with an effort of desperation, I sprang up, and, flinging my arms forward, grasped—heavens! what was it I grasped? With a wild shriek, I loosed my hold, my unseen enemy fled, and I fell to the floor.

All was dark, and, for a moment, I felt as if I had awoke from a terrible dream, but a second thought convinced me it was all too real. By this time my fellow-passengers, from adjacent cabins, roused from their slumbers by my scream of terror, hurried to inquire the cause of my disturbance.—None, however, could throw any light upon the matter, until the captain, coming forward and hearing my story, at once cleared up the mystery.

A baboon that was being taken to England by one of the passengers, as a present to the Zoological Society, not having been carefully secured, had somehow managed to escape from his place of confinement during the night, and, wandering about, had made his way into the saloon. Finding the door of my room open, he had stolen in, and created the sensation, the remembrance of which each Christmas Eve must forcibly recall.

GRANDMAMMA.

Dear reader, have you a grandmother? If not, you are poor, indeed. We talk and read of "perfect womanhood;" I think the most perfect type of womanhood is one's precious old grandmother! What matter if she is old-fashioned; if her black silk gown is out of fashion; and she inquires, in her innocence, who Lindley Murray is?

Who cares if her use of the Queen's English rasps upon sensitive ears? We know that the same voice which says, "Girls, that ain't no bonnet at all. You might just as well tie a handkerchief over your head," has also said, "God bless you, darling!" scores and scores of times, and came, with soft words, between "ourself" and our mother's "righteous indignation" more times than we could number. Isn't her placid face, which speaks only of "peace on earth, and good-will to men," the finest engraving in the house? Isn't she our grandmother?—the "warmest-hearted, happiest, hopefullest creature" that ever kept peace in a household?

"What are you crying for?" said Ned to Willie.

"Oh! I have broken a vase, and mamma will be offended," answered the boy, weeping afresh.

"Crying for that!" Ned said, with extreme surprise and a little contempt. "Why Willie, haven't you got a grandmother?"

"Yes," answered Willie, wiping his tears on a slightly-soiled handkerchief.

"Well, what are you crying for, then? I have *two* grandmothers—and I'd like to see my mother beat me!"

SHOWS OF GRIEF.—Not very many years ago it was considered an essential part of the etiquette of fashionable funerals to appear to weep. Each "mourner" was expected to carry in the hand a white pocket handkerchief, and to apply it to the eyes more or less frequently—the interval between the dabs being regulated by the degree of relationship which had existed between the unconsolable and the deceased. This bit of hypocrisy has happily been dispensed with, for some time past, by the mourning fashionists. It is no longer deemed indispensable to indicate to the world that what Hamlet calls "the fruitful river of the eye" is in a state of freshet, by hoisting the white flag of affliction at a burial. This change in the fashion is judicious, for tears are not necessarily the sign of sorrow. In fact, weeping regret is usually superficial; so that, to counterfeit tears is simply to simulate shallow grief. Besides, there are hundreds of persons who, like Job Trotter in the "Pickwick Papers," can "lay on the water" at will. Actors shed tears on the stage mechanically. Nothing can be more fallacious than the outward symbols of sorrow.—Neither "inky suits," nor clouds of crape, nor an overflow of salt water, nor "the dejected 'haviour of the visage," are to be trusted as signs of unconsolability, especially if our departed brother or sister has been thoughtful enough to leave a handsome legacy to the sable-clad and lachrymose mourner. In such a case, a Niobe might, without injustice, be suspected of dissimulation. It is common to weep without much suffering, and equally common to suffer keenly without shedding tears. There are human crocodiles who could pour forth eye-water enough to swim in, without experiencing a single pang.

THE CHILD AND THE STARS.

"They tell me, dear father, each gem in the sky
That sparkles at night, is a star;
But why do they dwell in those regions so high,
And shed their cold lustre so far?
I know that the sun makes the blossoms to spring,
That it gives to the flowrets their birth;
But what are the stars? Do they nothing but fling
Their cold rays of light upon earth?"

"My child, it is said that you stars in the sky
Are worlds that are fashioned like this,
Where the souls of the good and the gentle who die
Assemble together in bliss;
And the rays that they shed o'er the earth is the light
Of the glory whose throne is above,
That tells us, who dwell in these regions of night,
How great are His goodness and love."

"Then, father, why still press your hand to your brow—
Why still are your cheeks pale with care?
If all that was gentle be dwelling there now,
Dear mother, I know, must be there."
"Thou chidest me well," said the father, with pain,
"Thy wisdom is greater by far;
We may mourn for the lost, but we should not complain,
While we gaze on each beautiful star."

Jasper Onslow's Wife.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 27. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XLIII.

ARGUS-EYED.

What mighty ills have not been done by woman?
Who was't betrayed the Capitol? A woman.
Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman.
Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman—
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman.—*Otway.*

"A young man by the name of Lambton, miss."

Doris Carlyon looked up from some trifling piece of feminine work as her servant made the announcement, and seemed puzzled.

"I don't know any one of that name," she said. "Perhaps he has made a mistake."

"I think not, miss. He said he came by appointment from Mr. Smith."

"Oh, I remember—the jeweler's. Excuse me, aunty—excuse me, Mr. Winstanley," for that gentleman was at the cottage on a short visit. "I did make an appointment. I had quite forgotten it. Don't look so alarmed, auntie, I am not going to make a large investment."

"I hope she isn't, indeed," Mrs. Bellew said, as her niece left the room. "She has been frightfully extravagant lately. Sometimes I think she is going to be ill, she seems so wild and reckless every way.—Even her income won't stand the demand she makes on it."

"Cannot you restrain her in any way?"

"Restrain her—restrain Doris! You don't know her, Mr. Winstanley. No one can do that. There must have been a stain of madness on her mother's side—I never saw the lady, but my poor brother was rather unfortunate in his marriage, I believe—for I used to hear of Doris doing strange things out in Mexico. I believe she left her father's house once for more than two years. Whatever became of her during that time no one seems to know; but it was all hushed up. My brother only hinted at it in his letters, but I have heard it from others. She is a fine-spirited creature, but very wilful."

"Where did Miss Carlyon's father live in Mexico?" asked Mr. Winstanley. "At Tampico?"

"Tampico! What makes you think of that place? No, he didn't live there. He had a small estate nearer the mountains about fifty miles from San Luis Potosi.—There was supposed to be a silver mine on it, but it was worthless, and at the time of his inheriting Kingcolm he was almost a beggar."

"Truth is stranger than fiction," the young man said, wondering what had put the name of Tampico into his head, and what he had heard in connection with that dirty and full-flavored little seaport.

"I wonder what Miss Doris Carlyon did with herself in those two years?" he thought to himself. "I always fancied she had a story. I wonder who played the other part in the little drama. Of course she didn't spend the two years alone. I'll ask Dormer."

Mrs. Bellew was garrulous this morning. She generally was; but to-day she really had something to talk about.

"I wish I could persuade Doris to travel," she said. "She really is so careless of what the world thinks of her. Of course you heard what happened yesterday, Mr. Winstanley, when Mrs. Onslow——"

"Yes, I heard. It was all a mistake, of course?"

"It was no mistake that he was here; but Muriel would listen to no explanations.—He had certainly not been here as long as she dared to insinuate; but a jealous woman will not be reasonable in any way. I have not been out since. I dread to go and hear the comments of the world outside on such a fearful scandal."

"The world has something else to talk about this morning, my dear madam; Mrs. Onslow is suddenly and dangerously ill."

"Ill?"

"Yes, in great danger, I hear."

"Poor girl! That accounts for her odd manner and wild talk yesterday. I must go and see her. I wish Ernest was here. Have you seen him to-day, Mr. Winstanley?"

"No, madam. I got a hurried note from him this morning, saying he was going to Limehouse on some very disagreeable business. That old man Colliver, of whom we have heard so much of late, has got a warrant at last to get into his brother's house, and Dormer is gone with him. He seems unaccountably interested in the matter."

"Mr. Dormer is always a little eccentric," Mrs. Bellew said.

And then the conversation languished pending the return of Doris, who seemed to be having rather a long interview with Mr. Lambton, the jeweler's clerk.

But that young gentleman was gone long ago, and a person rather like him about the eyes, but having very black hair, moustache and whiskers, was speeding to the South-Western Railway as fast as a swift hansom could take him to catch a train for Southampton, where lay a ship ready to sail for Calcutta, via Cape of Good Hope. Doris was in her own room, trying with all her might to destroy something she held in her hand, but which resisted her utmost efforts to tear it to pieces.

"I must have been mad," she said, "raving mad, not to have flung this thrice-accursed thing into the sea coming over. What mischief-making fiend prompted me to keep it, I wonder? I have it now—the only link that binds me to that hideous time. No human eye shall look upon it again."

Again she tried with scissors and a pair of tiny pinchers to deface the little trinket, but the workmanship was good and the metal fine, and she could only scratch it.

Some one called her, and she had to stop, and, hastily putting it into a drawer of her dressing-table, she locked it, and put the key into her portmonnaie. As she did so she fancied she heard a low laugh, but there was no one to be seen. Not a creature was in the room but herself, and she went to the window which opened on to a balcony which led down to the garden by a flight of steps. There was no one there either, except the gardener stooping over his work at a little distance.

"It was fancy," she muttered. "I have grown terribly fanciful lately;" and she closed the door of her room and went downstairs.

Her interview with Mr. Lambton had been of the shortest. She entered the parlor to which he had been shown, and found him waiting for her with impatience and eagerness stamped on every feature.

"I thought you would never come," he said, piteously.

"I came immediately," she said, with a scornful smile. "You are very impolitic, Mr.—a—a——"

"Lambton, madam, is my name, though am I impolitic in having done what I have to please you?"

"No; in letting every one see that you have done something. Have you brought what I want?"

He took a small box from his pocket, and put it into her hand.

"Pay me, and let me go," he said; "and, for heaven's sake, make haste. I am in mortal terror."

"You took it," said Doris, contemptuously. "What has become of all your devotion and chivalrous admiration for my poor charms? Where is your adoration for me gone to?"

"To the deuce, with my good name and future prospects," he replied, wildly. "I have done your bidding, Miss Carlyon; give me my wages, and let me go."

She took some notes and gold from her pocket, and put them into his hand.

"It is the price you named yourself," she said. "Is it enough?"

"Quite."

He thrust the money into his pocket, and went gloomily away. Now that he had committed the sin to which with her witcheries she had tempted him, his mad passion had vanished, and he saw Doris Carlyon in her true colors. He was morally and physically a coward, and all he could do now was to rush away from the consequences of his guilt. Unlike many criminals flying from justice, Nemesis did not overtake him in the shape of a policeman, but from the hour of her sailing nothing was heard of the good ship Janet Howe. She foundered at sea with all her passengers, and Richard Lambton, with his disguising wig and whiskers, went to his account with the rest.

Doris Carlyon banished him from her mind with the shutting of the door behind him.

"If he is caught and confesses, as he will, the craven," she said to herself, "I can say he is mad. There will be no proof—I will take care of that."

The evening brought two rather strange incidents. Doris got tired of the house, and declared she would go to the opera at night in spite of all Mrs. Bellew's remonstrances and hints that as people were sure to be talking about the *contretemps* of the preceding day it would be as well to stay at home.

"And make them talk more," said Doris, contemptuously. "Let them talk; it doesn't matter what any one says. I have done no harm this time, and they may cut me or not, as they please."

But nobody "cut" the handsome heiress—at least, no gentlemen. They came crowding to her box, and *fêted* and flattered her to her heart's content. Some ladies seemed a little short-sighted when the Mexican beauty looked their way; but Doris did not care for ladies, or what they thought, and managed to enjoy herself very much, though she looked in vain for Jasper Onslow or Ernest Dormer.

She had scarcely left the house with her aunt for her evening's amusement when a respectable-looking man, with a small bag in his hand, knocked at the door, and said that he had come at Miss Carlyon's request to see to a lock in her dressing-room.

"At this time of night?" the servant said. "You can't come in. Miss Carlyon is out."

"I know that," was the quiet reply.—"She and another lady called at our place in the carriage, not a half hour since, and gave directions for some one to come here. I have a note from the young lady to her maid, if you will call her, please."

Doris's maid, being called, received the note with much grumbling at having to attend on a workman. But her mistress's command was imperative. The note said:

"*Let the bearer of this see to a tampered lock in my dressing-table; he may be trusted, his master says.*"

And she might not disobey. So she took the workman upstairs, and watched him pick the lock of a drawer, and twist the key in it a good many times, and drop a little oil in it, and then go away leaving her free once more to go back to the housekeeper's room and gossip.

Later on Doris returned, but said nothing about having sent any one.

She was rather cross, and her maid, taking her tone from her mistress, grew sullen and dull.

Miss Carlyon went down to her aunt and Cuthbert Winstanley, who had accompanied them home. She found, to her amazement, Mr. Vanburgh, the jeweler, talking to them.

"I beg pardon for coming at this hour," he said, hurriedly. "I have been robbed, Miss Carlyon."

"Indeed! I am sorry to hear it," she replied, coolly. "I hope not to any amount."

"The amount could be made good; it is not that, it is jewels which cannot be replaced."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Bellew; "what a sad thing. But why do you come to Miss Carlyon, Mr. Vanburgh? Is it anything to her or to me?"

"What I have unfortunately lost belonged to this lady, madam."

"Belonged to her! Do you mean to say she took jewels to you?"

"Even so."

"That is a matter of no moment, aunt," said Doris, quietly. "The thing is often done when money is wanted. What is gone belonging to me, Mr. Vanburgh? Not the whole, I hope, I could ill afford to lose them just now."

"Only one thing, madam."

"And that is——"

"The carbuncle cross."

"The what?"

"The carbuncle cross."

"There is some mistake, Mr. Vanburgh. I placed no such thing in your keeping."

"I beg your pardon, madam, you did."

Doris looked him full in the face, and not a muscle of her features moved.

"I have no ornament of the kind, sir," she said—"never had."

"You had, Miss Carlyon, and I had it until last night."

"Describe it please."

He did so, and she shook her head.

"I could not have such a thing, much less pledge it at your shop without knowing it, Mr. Vanburgh. You are deceiving yourself in some way."

"No, I am not."

"Then show me the ticket describing it."

"Alas! that is gone with it. There was a strong motive for taking it on the part of some one."

"Do you suspect any one?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"One of my clerks, who has been missing all day. He had a wild admiration for you, Miss Carlyon, and the motive was obvious."

CHAPTER XLIV.

A RESTLESS NIGHT.

Night is the time to weep—
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory where sleep
The hopes of other years.
—*Montgomery.*

Doris Carlyon felt her face blanching as Mr. Vanburgh spoke. With all her self-control, all her stoicism, she could not force back the color to her cheeks for a moment, nor make her trembling tongue utter a word.

"I may mention," he went on "that I have been asked about that cross once or twice. It seems to have a history attached to it."

"None of my making, I assure you, sir," Doris replied, haughtily, while Mrs. Bellew said, inquiringly—

"A history?"

"Yes, rather an old one. Perhaps, as I am on the subject, Miss Carlyon would like to hear it."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Vanburgh," was the cold reply, "I am not much interested in a trinket of which I know nothing. Pray allow me to decline any further conversation on the subject, and wish you a very good evening. I am tired, and it is scarcely polite of you to insist on an interview at this hour."

"Pardon me; it was necessary that you should know. Forewarned, forearmed, they say, and if my unlucky clerk is taken, some strange revelations may come out. As I said——"

"Pardon me," said Cuthbert Winstanley, rising; "your business with Miss Carlyon is private. Allow me to say good-night."

"It is private," was the curt reply, "unless the lady wishes me to speak before any one else."

And Mr. Winstanley went his way, wondering not a little at what he had already heard.

Doris uttered never a word, except to wish him good-night. She did not say, as he half expected she would, "Stay; there is nothing private to be told."

As to the fact of her having pawned her jewels, that sort of thing was common enough, he knew, among extravagant people, and Mrs. Bellew had told him how reckless her neice had been.

"Now, Mr. Vanburgh," Doris said, when they were alone with the pawnbroker once more, "will you tell us this—what is your motive for questioning me like this? Is it not enough that I tell you I know nothing of this mysterious cross?"

"Not quite, Miss Carlyon. The cross is wanted, as I am told, to put together the two ends of a chain of evidence in a case of murder."

"Of what?" screamed Mrs. Bellew, aghast.

"Of murder, madam."

"And I am accused of it?" asked Doris, with a scornful laugh. "Really, Mr. Vanburgh, you go too far. You carry your insolence to too high a pitch. Be good enough to leave me if you please."

"You had better hear all I have to say, Miss Carlyon. Though you deny knowing anything of the ornament which is missing, you may see its owner some day and give him a word of warning at second-hand. There is a man in England now who has come all the way from Australia to find the possessor of that bauble."

"May I ask how you know this?"

She did not look at him as she asked the question, but sat looking straight into the fire, her jeweled fingers plucking at the feathers of a beautiful fan she carried.

It was a dainty thing, made of the plumage of some bright-colored bird, and her hand moved over it with a passionate, angry action that told of a fierce tempest raging under the calm of her impassive face. Now and then a feather fell to the ground, and the diamonds shimmered on her wrist as she twitched at it with a tigerish kind of snap as though she would pour out on the senseless thing all the anger and impotent passion that were warring within her breast.

But her voice told nothing, nor her face. The pawnbroker was a good reader of faces, as men of his trade must necessarily be, if they wish to get on and keep out of scrapes; but he could read nothing there but cold contempt, and annoyance at being intruded upon.

"Because the man has been to see me twice. Once he came, a perfect stranger, and asked me questions, which I thought strange, about the jewel I speak of. He offered me a price only to show it to him. He was no one I knew, and I refused point blank."

"And he came again?"

"He did."

"When?"

"Last night."

"And you showed it to him?"

"Pardon me. No. He had no warrant to force me to do so, though he means to get one. He told me his name, and a few items besides, sufficient to show that he is no impostor, but really interested in the business he has come to England about."

The bright feathers began to rain thickly on the hearthrug, but Doris never lifted her eyes or turned her head.

"What is the man's name?" she said, at length, though, as it seemed, with something of an effort.

"Septimus Luker. I see you are a little interested now. He is seeking for one Teresa Sclavoni, who some few years ago murdered her paramour in a Mexican chateau."

"Oh, how horrid!" ejaculated Mrs. Bellew. "Really, Mr. Vanburgh, you do tell the most dreadful stories. I suppose I'm very stupid, but I can't understand what Doris has to do with all this. Teresa Sclavoni! Wasn't that the name that Mr. Dormer read out of the paper at Kingston, one morning? Somebody advertised for her, I think."

"This very man Luker, I believe. Beyond the fact of having once heard these two names, Mr. Vanburgh, I am totally ignorant of them—never knew of the existence of those people."

"Luker was not always Luker," Mr. Vanburgh said, dryly. "When he was the confidential servant of the murdered man out in Mexico, he was—— Pardon me, Miss Carlyon, your fan is on fire!"

The feathered fan and the hand that held it had dropped at her side, and the many-hued fringe was in a blaze. Mr. Vanburgh rescued it just in time to prevent the delicate lace draperies of the costly dress against which it rested from bursting into flames too. Mrs. Bellew screamed, but Doris scarcely stirred.

"Thank you," she said. "I did not see it. And this confidential servant, this Luker, what does he know of the murder you speak of?"

"He saw the blow struck, I believe."

"Saw it?"

"So I understand."

"How very dreadful. Really I cannot and will not listen to any more such stories. I shan't be able to sleep. I don't quite understand you now, Mr. Vanburgh. Am I to infer that you came here to accuse me of murder, and that your very civil and obliging clerk has stolen this brooch, or locket, or whatever it is, because he is in love with me and wishes to save me—the thing must be a talisman, surely—from the consequences of my crime?"

She laughed, as she spoke, a merry, amused laugh, which made him shiver.

"It is hardly a thing to laugh at," he said. "Murder, under any circumstances, is an awful thing. I did not come here to accuse any one, Miss Carlyon. I wished to tell you of the loss of the jewel, and the absconding of my clerk, Lambton. How far either circumstance will affect you, it is not for me to say. I expect Lambton will be in custody by this time, and I know him well enough to be sure that he will make a clean breast of it in the presence of a magistrate. Four and twenty hours will see his story in print, I suspect. That is all I have to say, Miss Carlyon. I will wish you good-night now. You are very pale."

Pale, indeed! White to the lips, and sinking with such dread as only comes with the feared or fancied detection of a guilty secret. Yet she replied, cheerfully enough:

"I am apt to grow pale, when I am tired, and I am tired to-night. *Lucretia* is a very wonderful heroine, but she is wearisome. Good night, Mr. Vanburgh; let me know if you catch your runaway clerk."

"You will know it from all the papers, Miss Carlyon. It will be no secret, I can assure you."

He bowed and went his way, leaving Doris blankly staring at the dying fire, and Mrs. Bellew hovering about her in bewilderment indescribable.

"What does he mean," she asked, piteously, as the door closed behind him, "with his murders, and his secrets, and his carbuncle cross? What does he come here for with such stories?"

"Haven't the least idea, auntie."

"I'm sure I shan't sleep for a week," the worthy lady went on. "Such horrid things as he has said. Why, Doris, what is the matter?"

For her niece had turned towards her a face so rigid in its self-restraint, so ashy in its hue, that she was frightened to look upon it.

"The matter, auntie? Nothing. I'm tired and cold—that's all. Let us get to bed."

She touched her aunt's forehead with her lips, but the stony look did not soften, nor the rigid features relax one whit; and Mrs. Bellew went to her room with a new horror creeping round her heart.

"What shall I do? What can I do?" she moaned, as she sat thinking far into the night. "Would to heaven she had died a little innocent baby, before she knew the meaning of sin or sorrow, than have lived for this. Better Kingcolm had passed into the possession of strangers than that all the bitter humiliation and shame that the future will bring should come upon the old name!"

And then she fell to wondering whether Mr. Vanburgh would catch his suspected clerk, and whether, if he did, he would know anything about the trinket. But Mr. Lambton never came back, as we have already hinted; and Mrs. Bellew went down the next morning to breakfast, looking as though the reflections of the night had added twenty years to her age and its burdens.

Doris was radiant as a bath and fresh toilet could make her, though she had passed a worse night than her aunt. Never once, in all the long, weary hours, had the lids dropped over the burning eye-lashes; never once, since she dismissed her maid, had she lain down for any rest.

When she went to her dressing-room, her tired maid was dozing in a chair by the fire, and started up with an exclamation of alarm at the sight of her mistress's white face.

"There, there; I'm not ill," Doris said, sharply; "don't make a fuss. Take off my dress and loosen my hair, and then get to bed."

"Yes, miss."

"And don't be late with my bath to-morrow morning. I have to be up and out early."

"Law, miss, you'll kill yourself, if you don't take more rest," the girl said, with half a sigh, as she thought how few hours she should be able to sleep. "Oh, I forgot to tell you, the man came and did the lock all right."

"What man?"

"The man from the shop where you stopped, miss, when you went out."

"Have you been having anything to drink?" Doris asked, sharply, fixing her eyes sternly on the shrinking girl.

"Only my supper beer, miss."

"Ah, I thought you might have. I don't know what you are talking about, then. I sent no man here."

"He said so, miss; and he brought a note, too."

"From me?"

"Yes, miss."

"Let me see it."

The note was produced in a crumpled condition from the maid's pocket, and Doris read it attentively.

"You were not to blame," she said, but her voice was harsh and grating, in spite of herself. "This thing would deceive the father of lies himself. Now tell me everything this man did, every word he said to you."

"He said very little, miss. He attended to the lock of one drawer."

"Which one?"

"The one you locked just before you went out, miss."

"You can go now. I shall not want you any more to-night."

The voice was her mistress's, but the girl hardly knew it, so hoarse and strained did it seem. She dared not disobey orders, though she would have given much to have fathomed the mystery of the pretended locksmith and the opened drawer.

Doris, left alone, rushed to the door and locked it, before she put the key in the drawer.

"If it is gone," she muttered, "I shall know what to do."

But it was not gone. Whatever she had placed there was there still, and by its side a folded scrap of paper. She picked it up and read:

"*In testimony that one has been here who knows the secret of your life. Fly while there is yet time, or retribution, sharp and bitter, will meet you face to face where there shall be no escape. This little jewel will betray you yet.*"

Doris Carlyon sank upon the floor, and sat there with her chin resting on her hand, and a wild, scared look upon her face, till the daylight began to creep in through the closed blinds and shutters.

(*To be continued in our next.*)

RICHARD ROCK'S VISITOR.

BY R. A. SUMMERS.

Since his wife died, Richard Rock lived alone and friendless. She, poor soul, had kept some good feeling about the house, and now and then a spare plate stood on the table, or an extra chair by the fireside. Mean as he was, he had never quite brought himself to say to her, "You shall not have a guest," though he prosed away by the hour about the "terrible expense," after each stranger departed. Neither could he quite prevent a deed of charity now and then—the gift of a loaf, or an old gown, or a few pence. The unhappy woman's kind heart would have its way at times, for Richard Rock's parsimony was not induced by poverty, but by a miserly soul. He had only been a very economical young man, when she first knew him, but the greed of gold grew with every year, though they had no children to whom to leave it, and were possessed of enough and to spare for ordinary lifetime.

Mrs. Rock died suddenly. A little better living, a few luxuries, the use of a carriage in wet weather, and, above all, a little more love and tenderness, might have saved her life. Perhaps old Rock did not perceive it.

When she was gone, he felt her loss as he had never dreamt he would. Her placid face and mild blue eyes haunted him. The neatness which she had kept within the dilapidated house, the skill with which she had prepared the coarse viands, the quiet way in which she had ministered to all his wants, had scarcely been understood before she was taken from him. More wretched than he had been in all his life before, he shut himself up alone in the great barren farm-house, and lived there like a beggar. No guest entered his door. No one ever paused there for charity. With its closed shutters, and naked garden, where once the wife's simple flowers and herbs grew, it was as desolate a place as one could dream of.

It was winter now, and the snow lay piled all about it—was heaped upon the fences, in the window ledges, and upon the chimney-pots. Long icicles hung from the eaves; and within a little wretched fire burnt in one small fireplace, over which rich Richard Rock shivered and shuddered, as though he had been the poorest creature in the town.

It was nine o'clock, and a Saturday night. Few lights burnt in the town, but the lecture-room was all aglow. There they held a fancy fair, the proceeds of which were to be bestowed in alms upon the poor of the place, who had suffered much through the hard winter. Some rich men had given considerable sums in aid of the object; and one enterprising individual, bolder than the rest, had appealed to Richard Rock with no success whatever. He had indeed hinted that he himself stood in need of aid, property was bringing in so little; and the charitable beggar fled affrighted. They talked him over at some of the tables that night, said how, if Mrs. Rock had been alive, at least a guinea would have been found somehow for so excellent a purpose.

When people are talking ill of one, they say the ears burn. Richard Rock's should have been red enough that night were this the case; but instead, they were cold, cold as ice—cold as was all the rest of his person, from head to foot; not with quite a natural coldness either. He was not used to much fire, and he had an old railway wrapper about his shoulders, over his ragged great-coat. It was a chill that seemed to come from the heart, and made him shiver fearfully. The first shiver seized him when the clock struck nine. It was such a deadly, curdling chill, that it frightened Richard Rock wofully; and before it had passed away, a knock at the door set him shivering again. It was not a loud, fierce knock—just a timid, tremulous rap or two; but none the less did his heart leap into his mouth at the sound.

Who could it be at that time of night? Richard Rock crept to the door, and unbarred it as he asked the question. A figure all draped in gray, a shawl or a mantle over the head, dropping down to the feet, stood without. It turned its face towards Richard Rock, and clasped its hands, and said, in a voice that set him shivering again, "I'm cold to-night, very cold, and I have no shelter. Let me in, and give me a crust to eat, and let me lie anywhere, and heaven will bless you."

Richard Rock shrank away.

"I never encourage beggars," he said, and shut the door and fastened it; but before he had reached the fireplace, the knocking came again.

Again he opened the door, and repulsed the beggar with harsh words; but the being—man, woman, or child, which ever it was—never stirred from the spot. It stood just where he had first seen it, and called him to the door eleven times. On the eleventh he yielded, and said, "Come in, then."

The figure advanced, and approached the fireplace. There were two chairs always standing beside it. One was Mrs. Rock's. Into that it dropped.

The gray drapery hid its face, but a pair of strange bright eyes gleamed through the shadow upon Richard Rock's face. They frightened him again. In fear, rather than pity, he went to the table, and brought to it a piece of bread and a cup of milk. The singular guest took them, and ate and drank. Then it sat looking at the old man steadfastly. To break the spell which seemed to be falling upon him, Richard Rock spoke.

"You're a stranger here, I suppose?"

"I come from far away," said the beggar, not showing him more of the face than he had already seen.

"You chose a bad time to travel," said Richard.

"I had work to do," said the stranger.

"For whom?" asked Richard.

"For the poor," said the stranger.

"You look poor enough yourself," said the old man.

"But there are poorer than I," said the stranger. "In this very town many will die if they have neither fire nor food. I want a gift for them, Richard Rock."

"You?" cried Richard. "Good heavens! This is a trick, then, of that confounded fellow with the subscription paper. I'm——"

The strange figure lifted its hand. "A year ago there was a woman here," it said.

Richard started.

"She sat in this chair knitting," said the voice under the gray hood. "I think you loved her a little; was it so?"

"Surely, I did," said Richard Rock.

"You married her when she was a blithe young girl," said the figure, "and you made her an old woman before her time. She toiled wearily from morning until night. She lived on coarse and common food."

"So did I," said Richard.

"She knew it," said the being. "She hardly blamed you. She loved you. You miss her now sometimes?"

"Heaven knows I do," said Richard.

"Yet you thought wine too dear to buy, and let her die for want of it," said the stranger.

"No, no!" cried Richard. "Who told you that? If I had thought that, I——"

"It is true," said the stranger. "Yet she died loving you. If she could come from heaven now, and ask a boon of you, would you grant it?"

"Heaven knows I would," said Richard; "but the dead never return."

And then—so he afterwards averred—the figure arose slowly, and all the gray drapery dropped away, and he saw, robed in white, more beautiful than when he wooed her in her girlhood, and with a shining halo round her head, his wife herself, and no other. He could not speak.

She looked upon him with a gentle smile.

"They said you would not receive me; but I made you," she said, softly. "I knew you better than they. Promise me, before I leave you, to do just what I say."

Richard could only gasp "I will."

"A year from this night you will die," said the spirit. "You can take nothing with you whither you must go. There are poor creatures dying of want close by; succor them."

"I will," said Richard.

"Give your gold to those who will use it for the poor," said the spirit, "and blot out the long selfish years by one of utter generosity. At its end I will meet you. Richard, good-bye."

The clock struck twelve as she spoke; he saw her fade, as the rainbow fades from the skies. He strove to clutch her robe, but it eluded his grasp, and he fell fainting to the floor.

From that hour Richard Rock was a changed man. His gifts to the poor were countless, and the will he made was full of wise and charitable bequests. The houseless learnt that under his roof they might find food and rest.

He died, as the spirit had foretold, a year from the night of its visitation, and on his death-bed revealed the story to the venerable clergyman, on whose authority it is repeated.

THE WORDS WE USE.

It has been calculated that our language, including the nomenclature of the arts and sciences, contains 100,000 words; yet of this immense number it is surprising how few are in common use. To the great majority, even of educated men, three-fourths of these words are almost as unfamiliar as Greek or Hebrew. Strike from the lexicon all the words nearly obsolete—all the words of special arts or professions—all the words confined in their usage to particular localities—all the words which even the educated speaker uses only in homœopathic doses—and it is astonishing into what a Lilliputian volume your Brobdognagian Webster or Walker will have shrunk. It has been calculated that a child uses only about one hundred words; and unless he belongs to the educated classes, he will never employ more than three or four hundred.

A distinguished scholar estimates that few speakers or writers use as many as ten thousand words; ordinary persons of fair intelligence, not over four thousand. Even the great orator who is able to bring into the field, in the war of words, half the vast array of light and heavy troops which the vocabulary affords, yet contents himself with a far less imposing display of verbal force. Even all-knowing Milton, whose wealth seems amazing, and whom Dr. Johnson charges with using "a Babylonish dialect," only uses eight thousand; and Shakspere himself, "the myriad minded," only fifteen thousand. These facts show that the difficulty of mastering the vocabulary of the new tongue is greatly overrated; and they show, too, how absurd is the boast of every new dictionary maker that his vocabulary contains so many thousand more words than those of his predecessor.

"Pearl Hunting," near Ceylon.

The Ceylon "pearl-hunting" takes place in March, when the sea is calmest, without being cold, and the currents are least strong. About one hundred and fifty boats assemble, each containing five diving-stones and two divers to each stone. The squadron is divided into the Red and the Blue, each embracing about seventy boats, and it starts at midnight from the shore, so as to reach the pearl-banks by sunrise. The pearl captain is called Adigar, and he is allowed the use of one boat as payment. There is much to do beforehand alongshore in blessing the boats, and uttering spells against sharks and drowning; and the crews often embark a priest with them. The divers take it in turn to descend. Many of them compress their nostrils with pincers of bamboo, and stop their ears with cotton or beeswax, to keep off the pressure of the water, which, at seven or eight fathoms, is considerable. They fasten a net round the waist, and, putting a stone between their feet, they slide overboard. Arrived at the bottom, they sweep into their net the oysters within their reach, give the rope a jerk, and are hauled up again, gasping, faint, and livid. Few can keep below longer than a hundred seconds, and the men return in a very exhausted condition, though practice works wonders in this respect. They never eat previously to diving, and generally sleep a little after it before partaking of any food or drink. To go down twelve or fourteen times is a very hard day's work; and, if the weather is at all unfavorable, with cold wind or rough water, three or four dives are all that will be ventured. The take is divided into four heaps, of which one belongs to the squadron, the other three to government. These last are sorted out into piles of a thousand oysters, and each pile is sold at public auction.

BAD luck is frequently a man with his hands in his breeches pockets and a pipe in his mouth, looking to see how it will turn up. Good luck is a man of pluck to meet difficulties, his sleeves rolled up, working to make it turn up.

IF there has been no temptation, there can be no merit; if there has been no struggle, there can be no victory.

TRUTH irritates those only whom it enlightens, but does not convert.

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The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
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Saturday Evening, July 25, 1874.

SUNLIGHT.

The doctors are unanimous in urging the sanitary virtues of sunlight; all consent that the sun has a first rank as a "healing medium." No pills, no powders, no lotions, no fluids are so potent in their influences, so infallible in their "exhibition," as this imponderable ray, which is never spent. Light is essential to the effect of remedies. The medical theory that a sick chamber must be gloomy and dark, has ceased to have favor in any method of practice. A first requisite in choosing a site for a hospital is that it shall be sunny. This is quite as important as that it shall be dry; and, indeed, if it is not sunny, it cannot be dry. The perfect hospital will be that which shall have the sun on all sides all day, if the light can be so twisted by any Irish genius—which shall let it fall on all the beds in all the wards.

The exact reason, and the exact way of this sanitary influence of sunlight are not yet fully understood, but the fact is acknowledged. It is an influence which works in all kinds of diseases. Inflammatory diseases, nervous diseases, digestive troubles, are all cured by a full supply of the sun's rays. These rays assist other remedies, and are the substitute for many remedies. The direct action of the sun upon the skin, is, indeed, dreaded by many; and it is not probable that any protest on our part will lessen the sale of French kid gloves, or drive veils out of use. A white hand and a fair cheek will still be preferred to the bronze and tan of a sun-browned skin. Some protection against the burning of the sun may be allowed. The best sanitary influence of the sunlight is not that of the hot ray directly upon the skin, but rather of the light in the air that is around the body—the light that envelopes, rather than the light that impinges upon the frame. The sunny atmosphere, more than the battery of rays, forces the frame into vigor. Reflected sunlight, if we can have plenty of it, is even better than the direct sunlight. The diffused stream, more than the exuberant fountain, dispenses the blessing. It is enough if we are only in the light, and it is not necessary to be always "under the sun." The health-giving influence of light is undoubtedly largely upon the mind. It makes us cheerful, hopeful and buoyant. Whether that cheerfulness comes from the quicker flow of the blood, or any change in its globules, or whether it makes the blood flow more swiftly, and so gives more strength, is of no importance. This we know, that low spirits are not nourished by the sunlight. Happiness in the light is the congenial state, and melancholy is driven back.

We may condense into a few practical rules the substance of these rambling remarks. First, in building or buying a house, choose always a site where there is abundance of light. Avoid dark streets, neighborhoods where there are high walls, or any obstruction which shuts out the sun. Then, secondly, live in those rooms of the house in which the light has freest entrance; sit in them, eat in them, sleep in them. If any are to be shut up and kept for state occasions, or for the reception of rare visitors, let them be the darkest rooms of the house, the north and east rooms, rather than the south and west. Let the sunny rooms be those which are the most constantly used. In the third place, have such finish of the house in walls, ceiling, furniture, drapery, decorations, as shall assist and multiply, not absorb and destroy, the light. As far as possible, let the light that comes into the house be met and repeated by the brightness that stays in the house. Have colors in the furniture that will be brought out and not ruined by the light falling upon them. In the fourth place, give the light plenty of room to come in at the windows. When a bay window is built, with its treble surface of glass, do not neutralize its excellent gift by a treble fold of curtains, and so destroy its beauty and its use. It is bad when two bay windows on the same side of the house hinder each other's freedom, like the Siamese twins with their fatal ligament. But it is worse when within the house the heavy folds of curtain make the projecting window a useless excrescence, "a wart and a wen," on the side of the house, as Emerson says of the man who has no place in his soul for the sense of God with him.

FAIR PLAY.

In many boyish games there are chances for the stronger or smarter to get advantage of the weaker or the slower. The party in fear of suffering—feeling the danger, if not very clear about the way to meet it—often makes an appeal to the sense of justice with the cry, "Fair play, boys." To make the appeal is a real compliment. It is as much as to say, "You know what is right." It is also an imputation, "You are not quite doing it." One often feels inclined to shout, "Fair play, friends!"

Let it be raised, for example, when somebody's character is being torn to tatters, without his having a chance to defend himself. The other side of the story might put things in a new light. A man, for example, accused of atrocious cruelty to his wife, might be judged less severely if he were there to show that he had no wife. Hear both sides. Certainly it is troublesome, and many persons are like the magistrate who could easily decide when he heard one party, but who complained bitterly that when a second story was heard his mind was "bothered."

Without intending to be unjust, men sometimes are so from having their *attention* wholly turned to one side. Women are likely to be one-sided in their judgments, from their tendency to intense and concentrated feeling.

When you have a controversy do not make your opponent responsible for all the conclusions you can draw from his views, or what you suppose his views. There may be checks upon the working of principles which you do not see. Besides, you are bent on finding truth. Well, find it, and do not be afraid of any consequences it may produce. So also of plans. The railways were first objected to because they would make horses unnecessary; the breed would die out, oats would become a drug in the market, and the farmers would be ruined. But the horses multiplied with extending railroads.

Men are sometimes very unfair in the settlement of their standard. Old people complain of degenerate times. "They are not as when we were young." But they forget the change they have undergone, and their diminished power of enjoying and hoping. The Mahommedans say that nothing has ever been produced equal to the Koran in style. But you ask what is the standard of excellence, and the answer is—the Koran. A tipsy set of revellers had let their watches run down, and they wanted to know how the night went. There was a sun-dial in the garden; the host proposed, and the guests leaped at the idea, that they should take the candles and find out the hour on the sun-dial. Obviously they could make it late or early, as they liked. You go to the tailor, and leave your measure for a coat. It squeezes you up in your shoulders, as if you were pinioned. You gently hint the tightness. "Oh, the coat's all right; it's your shoulders are too big!" says the tailor. Does that satisfy you? By common consent, was not your size to be the standard when he measured you? He is thinking of his measure; you, of your shoulders.

A NIGHT IN THE SIERRAS.

BY C. D. CLARK.

I was alone on the mountain, in the wild passes of the Sierras; alone, and lost!

I was one of a party of explorers, sent out by the government, upon an expedition of especial importance, which had been entrusted to a few determined men, who were willing to risk their lives for the love of adventure, and, in a measure, for the ample pay received for the duty. In the wild woods of Western New York, in the Canadas, and the swamps of Carolina, I was at home, and thought myself as competent to take care of number one among these difficult passes as in the places I had hunted through from boyhood; and, while the party were resting, and making their plans for the next day, I took my rifle, and clambered up the rocks in search of a "Bighorn."

It was easy enough to find one; but to stalk him, and bring him in range, was another thing. After a long chase, I had driven him to the edge of a rocky platform, from which there seemed literally no chance of escape; but, when I came near and attempted to raise my rifle, the animal bounded into the gulf before him, and was gone. I rushed up to the place where he had stood, only to see him bounding from ledge to ledge, alighting like a feather upon rocks which seemed scarcely capable of sustaining a bird. In a rage at his escape, I pulled on him while in the air, in the act of making another leap, and, much to my surprise and delight, the shot took effect, and the nimble beast went rolling down the cliff, until he brought up at the very bottom of the pass.

How to reach him, was the next question. I took note of the spot where he lay, and made a circuit, searching for a place to descend. I found it all too soon; for, stepping upon a rock covered with lichens, I suddenly shot out into the air and went down into the pass at a more rapid rate than I had bargained for, alighting with a shock which I have not completely recovered from to this day. For a moment I thought of earthquakes, boiler explosions, and nitroglycerine; but, as my dazed senses came back, I realized more fully that, in the language of Chet Hall, I had "lighted."

Picking myself up cautiously, and satisfying myself that my bones were in order, I looked for my game. The Bighorn was lying with his head doubled under him, in such a way that I was sure the neck was broken. As I stepped toward him, there was a sudden upheaval of a great body beside him, an ugly looking head was lifted, cavernous jaws gaped, and I was looking into the wicked eyes of a large grizzly, prepared to dispute the possession of that Bighorn with me!

Boys, you ought to have seen me! I gave a yell which would have made a Piute or Comanche turn pale with envy, and the way I went up those rocks, on the hunt for some lonely place where I could rest and *think*, was a sight which would have made a pleasant spectacle for the boys to look at. I had lost all interest in Bighorn; I wouldn't have taken one as a present, especially since "Eph" wanted the meat himself. And, now we are on the subject, let me say this: I've heard a heap of talk about men pitching in, single handed, and laying out a big grizzly, and I have no doubt it has been done; but you may be sure of one thing—the man that does the trick, and can collect enough of his frame to move with, don't want to take the job again. Anyhow, I made myself scarce in about the quickest time on record, because I did not want to distinguish myself by killing a grizzly with a bowie. To tell the truth, and no fooling, I never was so completely scared in the whole course of my natural life; and it *hurried* me a little because that bear growled and followed me up the rocks. I made the gravel fly like a hailstorm, boys; it was just awful, for I thought Eph was close at my heels, and every moment I expected to feel his grip on the tail of my coat, which stood out behind me like a board, I sailed along so fast. But, after I had run myself out of breath, dodging in and out among the passes, I looked over my shoulder, and not seeing or hearing anything of the bear, I pulled up and took breath. It is my belief now that Eph never chased me more than ten feet, for I suppose he thought from the way I got over the rocks, that it was useless for *him* to think of keeping up with a fellow who could run like that.

Don't laugh, if you can help it, boys. I give my word of honor as a gentleman that it was no laughing matter to me at the time, and I never felt so relieved in my life as when *I* saw that the bear was not in full chase. The wind was pretty well out of me by this time, and I sat down on a stone to puff, and looked about me.

Where was I? As my eyes roved over the lofty crags, I could see no familiar landmark which would guide me to camp. I was lost in the mountain passes, far from my friends, for I had chased the Bighorn many miles before my bullet brought him down. I was something of an amateur, and perhaps magnified the danger, yet I feared to pass the night alone in the mountain passes. I thought of the prowling grizzly, of the Carcajou, the mountain wolf, and the Indians, who for many days had been lurking about us, too cowardly to make an attack, and waiting for a chance at a straggler. Perhaps they had seen me depart, and were even now lying in wait for me. I decided that this hunting alone in the mountains was utter foolishness, and that if I ever escaped with a whole skin, I would take one of the guides out with me in future.

Night was coming on, and found me wandering aimlessly to and fro, in the dark passes, without finding any familiar object. I dared not fire, for if any Indians were prowling about it would certainly bring them upon me. I could hear, in the distance, the cry of wolves, and did not know at what moment they would be upon me, and no man knew better than I the danger to a single man, attacked by wolves, in the solitary night.

Hark!

They are calling one another in the passes, and I could tell by the confused barking that they were collecting in great numbers. I hurried down the pass in eager haste, looking for a tree, a hard thing to find in these mountain passes. I stumbled on in the darkness, looking to the right hand and the left, in search of a tree. Behind me, the confused barking of the troop came loud, and I knew that a tree was my only salvation. Looking ahead, I saw the graceful top of a pine showing over the rock, and sprang on with renewed strength, for I could hear the hungry pack turning an angle in the pass not a hundred yards behind, and when I reached the tree, a small pine, the foremost of the hideous troop was close to my heels, coming on with long leaps, furious for my blood. I never was very good at climbing trees; but upon this particular occasion I showed an agility and grace which would have astonished you. I was pretty well out of his reach before the wolf got to the root of the pine, but he made a leap and caught me by the boot-heel. I never cared much for that boot, and I let him have it; he took a little piece of the *flesh* with it, but I considered that he was a generous hearted wolf for not taking the whole foot. But my admiration for his character did not prevent me from shooting him through the head as soon as I had roosted on a branch. I had left my rifle on the mountain when I slid down into the pass, but my "navy" was in its sheath at my hip, and being now thoroughly enraged, I began to blaze away at the pack as fast as I could crook my finger.

In all my wanderings I have never seen such a pack of wolves as that. There seemed to be hundreds of them beneath the tree, gnawing at the bark, howling and leaping up at me. They were not Coyotes, you understand, but the big Californian kind, any one of which is more than a match for a man. Moving about on the limb to get a shot at a big fellow who was jumping up at me, the pine bough gave way, and down I went into the very midst of the pack. For an instant they yielded a little, and then came at me with gaping jaws, and furious eyes. There was no time to climb the tree, and I gave myself up for lost. Half a dozen of the fierce brutes were tearing at me, when torches suddenly flamed upon the rocks, and a dozen repeating rifles began to play upon my assailants. A torch or two hurled into their midst sent them flying back, and I was saved.

The boys had heard the howling of the pack, and, as I had wandered quite near the camp without knowing it, they had time to come to my aid. I know more about the Sierras now, but I'm mighty careful how I go out alone.

TWO KINDS OF TEARS.

A tear is a mysterious thing. Whence comes it, and what be comes of it? We know the duct that carries it; but how is it secreted? We know the process of its passage; but how, or in what manner, does pain or pleasure give it the start? If Laura Matilda tickles you under the fifth rib, or Bridget peels an onion under your eyes, out gushes the briny pearl-drop. If "*that* dear girl" (call her by what pretty name you please) writes you a touching letter, or some one applies his fist directly to the organ of measure between your eyes; if your convivial chum tells you a humorous story, or somebody pinches your arm to make you listen to something else; if any or all these things are done, you shed tears at once. You weep or cry with pain or joy. But *how* do such opposite affections of the mind produce such a similar effect upon the physical system? That's what we want to know, and we shall not be satisfied till we know it thoroughly, if we can.

But stop, O critical philosopher! How can we tell but that there is a difference, and a very important difference, between the tear of mirth and the tear of sorrow—between the tear exuded in company with the sharp cry of pain and the one started from its birthplace by the potent magic of a laugh? How do we know that there is not a subtle distinction between them, not accessible to chemical research, and not apparent to finite discernment? How do we know that this strange and incongruous phenomenon of our nature is not a part of that divinity of our mental composition, which may only be explored and explained by inspiration? For what is so heartrending to a man of susceptible feelings as a woman in tears? And what is so painful to a true woman's soul as the spectacle of a manly anguish that weeps? A tear, we maintain, is a mystery; and, perhaps, if it were not, tears would have no such humanizing effects upon the colder attributes of our indurated nature.

FRANKNESS IN LOVE.—One of the most essential things in all love affairs is entire and perfect frankness. Both parties should be frank—true to themselves, and truthful to each other. How many uneasy, troubled, and anxious minds—how many breaking and how many broken hearts there are today, in which content and happiness might have reigned supreme, but for a want of frankness. Repentance inevitably comes for all these things, but it often comes too late, and only when the evil produced is incurable. In love, as in everything else, truth is the strongest of all things, and frankness is but another name for truth. Then always be frank. Avoid misunderstandings—give no reason or occasion for them. They are more easily shunned than cured; they leave scars upon the heart. You are less likely to be deceived yourself when you never try to deceive others. Frankness is like the light of the clear day, in which everything may be plainly perceived.

A PLEASANT, cheerful wife, is a rainbow set in the sky, where her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied, and fretful wife, is like a thundercloud charged with electric fluid. At such times a wise man will keep clear, if possible in order to avoid the shock.

THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS.

A Fairy Tale.

There was once upon a time a king whose queen presented him with just one child—a daughter. When she came into the world, he was the happiest king in all creation. He caused the church bells to ring all over his realm, and ordered his subjects who were in the confectionery line to deal out to every child who applied for it, a pound of sugar-plums gratis, and charge the bills to him.

The baby was the most beautiful little creature ever born. Everybody said so, and everybody must be right. And, when the christening day was come, they gave her the name of "Most Beautiful," because there really was no other name suitable.

The fairy godmother was, of course, at the christening-feast; but she looked very much discontented, and was very sulky. The king felt troubled by this, and asked her politely what she was so good as to be displeased at, for one must not irritate fairy godmothers.

The old lady replied, snappishly, "Enough is the matter, young man. If you weren't the greatest ninny of a king that ever sat on a throne, you'd know. That girl of yours is altogether too beautiful. She'll be so vain there will be no bearing her, in the first place; and all the young men will run away with her, in the second. You'll have a nice time with her. Why didn't a moderately good-looking girl content you?"

"How can *I* help it?" asked the king. "Perhaps, as you are a fairy, you'll tell me how. Shall I break her nose, or put her where she'll catch the small-pox? People are generally congratulated when their girls are nice-looking."

"I'm your best friend, as you'll find," said the godmother. "Take my advice, and all may be well yet. Never let her see a looking-glass, and never let her see a young man. Teach her that she is very plain, and that young men are too dreadful to be mentioned, and she may be a credit to you yet."

With which words the fairy godmother vanished up the chimney, leaving the queen and all the good company, including several excellent fairies, in floods of tears.

"Oh! oh! oh!" said every sensible woman present. "The good old fairy godmother is right. Beauty is a snare. Young men are dangerous. It's a dreadful thing to be beautiful, as we all know by experience."

The king, however, was a practical man, who acted while others wept, went to work. He banished every looking-glass from the palace, to the great disgust of all the ladies of honor, who never could put their things on properly afterwards. He discharged every young male, and forbade any one to admit a young man within the gates.

As soon as the young princess could read, she was taught several things: first, that she was very plain; secondly, that it was a virtue to be plain; thirdly, that handsome was that handsome did; fourthly, that young men were dreadful creatures, who must not be spoken of or to.

So she was brought up. The king, the queen, and the fairy godmother, all did their best to hide her beauty from her.

Thus she attained her sixteenth year, a pattern to all womankind, who had never looked into a looking-glass, and had never seen a beau.

"Next year," said the king, "I will marry her to the most respectable elderly king who has lost his queen, whom we meet, and we will have done our duty by her."

Suddenly, however, to their great surprise and terror, their modest young princess began to be the vainest creature in the world. She tossed her head, and smiled absurdly. She refused to repeat the words, "I am very plain, and I am thankful for it," which had been printed in an especial catechism made for her own use.

She threw down the book and cried, "I won't tell fibs—there now! I'm pretty. My face is as round as can be, and I'm better-looking than all of you put together!"

All the mirrors in the world could not have made her vainer; and the king and queen sent for the fairy godmother, and bewailed the sad case to her.

"Not a mirror in the house," said the queen. "I have put my bonnets on crooked sixteen years for her sake, and this is the end of it."

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried the old fairy. "I haven't lived five or six hundred centuries to believe that. She's got a looking glass about her. We must search her."

And the three went to the princess's room, and what they found in her pocket was this: an old-fashioned brass door-knob, which she had polished until it looked like gold. This was her mirror!

Now every one knows that a door-knob is the most ludicrous of all reflectors. In it the most regular nose appears flat, and the most beautiful mouth meets at the back of the head. But the princess was delighted with it.

The poor king and queen could not help laughing in the midst of their trouble.

"Don't you see how ugly you look?" said the king. "How much reason you have to be thankful that you don't possess the snare of beauty."

"No, I don't, pa," said the princess. "I think I'm pretty and others do too; so there! And I shouldn't be thankful if *they* didn't and *I* wasn't either."

And she put her precious door-knob in her pocket; while the fairy god-mother shrugged her shoulders and spread out her hands.

"I told you so!" said she. "And I'd like to know what the girl means by *others*."

The princess would not answer the question.

Now kings of the olden times always kept a fool—a comical creature, sometimes deformed, whose duty it was to speak his mind.

This king's fool had a hunched back, a red nose, tow-colored hair, and green eyes. He wore parti-colored clothes, and a cap and bells, and was a very comical creature indeed to look at. When he wasn't wanted he lived in a little room in the palace. And between this room and that of the princess was a thick wall. However, the princess was of an inquisitive disposition, and knowing that this wall was one which separated that part of the palace in which she lived from the part she was never allowed to visit, she had bored a hole in it with her crochet needle and scissors, and peering through, had seen the fool.

Oh, how beautiful he looked to her! She clapped her hands in delight.

"I don't know what a young man is," she said, "and it's as stupid to call them all sorts of names as it is to call me ugly." And she looked in her door-knob with joy.

Then she called softly, and he answered.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I'm a young man," said the fool.

"I thought so," said the princess.

"Who are you?" asked the fool.

"I'm a beautiful princess," was the reply.

"Oh, you only need say a princess," said the fool. "All king's daughters are beautiful."

"What fibs they've been telling me!" thought the princess. "I can't tell what has come over me. My heart goes pitapat."

It was Cupid who had shot her through the needle hole in the wall. He had not been kept out sixteen years for nothing. So the princess put a postage stamp over the little hole, and nobody noticed it. And between looking at herself in the door-knob and listening to the words of the fool through the little hole, she grew so dreadfully vain that when she was found missing one morning, it really seemed scarcely worth while to go after her. But the king did his duty as a father.

She had eloped with his fool, and when they were found, they were resting in a very damp meadow, and she was looking in the door-knob, and he was saying witty things.

"And what have you got to say for yourself?" asked the king.

"Only this," said the fool; "If you expected that a pretty girl could be kept from meeting with a looking-glass and a lover, you're a bigger fool than I."

The king thought so himself; and he took the pair home and knighted the fool—and it wasn't the first one either. And after that, no doubt, he kept his sharp speeches for his wife. Men generally do. And it is on record that the first long mirror the princess looked into, she took her door-knob from her pocket and tossed it scornfully away.

"Ah, pa, pa," she said to the king, "if you'd only let me peep into that just once while I was a girl, I'd never have married a fool, for I see now that there is hardly a prince on earth any way worthy of me."

BIRD SONG.

A little bird sits in yonder tree,
And he sings of love to you and me—
He sings, "Love on—love ever!"
His voice is as clear as a silver bell;
How sweetly it rose, how softly fell!
And his carol, I like it passing well,
For I shall love on—love ever.

How does he know that I love you?
Whoever has told him has told him true—
Hark, hark! "Love on—love ever!"
To all things else Time change will bring;
O'er many a hope the knell will ring;
And the bird are winter will cease to sing;
But I shall love on—love ever.

Oh, Carrie, my dear, true love endures;
Small need to such hearts as mine and yours
To say, "Love on—love ever!"
Yet the little bird knows, in this world of ours,
That affections oft fade like summer flowers;
But mine will laugh at all frosty powers,
And I shall love on—love ever.

Some maids, sweetheart, I'm sure there are,
To whom the advice were fitter far,
Of his "Love on—love ever!"
To you it will merely music seem,
A matter for smiles, a useless theme,
For I feel, by your dark eyes' tender gleam,
That you will love on—love ever!

PROVERBS.

From the cradle to the grave we are plied, warned, puzzled, and taught with proverbs. We can fancy ourselves in frock and trousers, just commencing our walk on the journey of life. There is a nurse or mentor on either side of us well loaded with proverbs to discharge upon us at every corner which we turn. Here and there amongst those fired is a golden word which never fails, but generally it is met by some delusive counterpart calculated to undermine it. "Train up a child in the way he should go," says one; "You cannot make a silk purse of a sow's ear," answers the other. And then we journey on again until we come into some juvenile dilemma from which we know not how to extricate ourselves, or whether it would be best to remain as we are. In one ear there is a whisper, "Anything for a change;" and our other auricular catches the words, "Never leap out of the frying-pan into the fire." After a while we fall aweary, and are inclined to rest, but are dissuaded from so doing by the sage information that "A rolling stone gathers no moss." From this we suppose that the moss alluded to is something which we must at all hazards avoid coming in contact, and, therefore, we inwardly resolve to keep continually upon the move. But, alas! no sooner is the resolution made than we are astounded by hearing the very same words used as an inducement to quietness, as if this moss were something wherewith to line our nests,—something without which we must not expect to get comfortably through the world. Therefore we are at last left in ignorance how the words really ought to be understood. We advance a little, and then we fall in love, and there is quite a war of proverbs on the subject.

"Strike while the iron's hot," says Dexter. "Marry in haste and repent at leisure," makes answer Sinister. "Happy is the wooing that isn't long in doing," is the ready reply. And equally ready come the words, "Hottest love is soonest cold." And then the *Spectator* is opened, and the authority of Addison brought forward to tell us that "Those marriages generally abound most in love and constancy that are preceded by a long courtship. The passion should strike root, and gather strength before marriage be grafted on it. A long course of hopes and expectations fixes the idea in our minds, and habituates us to a fondness of the person beloved." And how long Addison would go on we know not, for we cannot bear to listen to him upon this subject, knowing how notably he himself set aside his own marriage precepts when he married the old countess for her title. As may be supposed, we are on the whole very little enlightened on the question by the several remarks. We consider to marry, or not to marry, as the case may be. We are parted from our beloved. Again proverbs come to bother us. Hope whispers us, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." But fear makes answer, "Out of sight, out of mind." We are, therefore, just as much in the dark as ever, and, for light, must "bide our time." Suppose, however, that we have not married; then we are anxious to be doing something, to be stirring ourselves, and making our way in the world. We are not content with tying ourselves down to one hum-drum occupation, we would be many things at once—we would be different men in one, so we give a ready ear to the advice, "Keep two strings to your bow;" but then there is a counter-croak, "Between two stools you come to the ground." We weigh the matter for a while, and are unsettled till again we hear, "Kill two birds with one stone;" and even this fails to establish us for a long time, for our equilibrium is again disturbed by the words, "If you have too many irons in the fire, some of them will burn;" and we are at last in desperation, and in firm resolve to have our own way, are obliged to resort to Dr. Clarke, and energetically read, "The old adage of 'Too many irons in the fire' is a great mistake. You cannot have too many: poker, tongs, and all—keep them all going."

THE KNOCK AT THE DOOR.—Charles Lamb thus alludes to that familiar signal, the knock at the door: "Not many sounds in life (and I include all urban and all rural sounds) exceed in interest a knock at the door. It gives a very echo to the throne where Hope is seated. But its issues seldom answer to this oracle within, it is so seldom that just the person we want to see comes."

A man in earnest finds means; or, if he cannot find, creates them.

News of Interest

THE buffalo is henceforth to be protected by law, and it is to be hoped that the useless slaughter of these animals merely for their hides, or from wanton sport, will cease.

AN Act of Congress authorizes the coinage of twenty cent silver pieces, of course to be somewhere near on a par with greenbacks, or they will be bought up as soon as they are put into circulation.

THE most fashionable of Saratoga cottages rent for three thousand dollars for three months. Others bring two thousand five hundred, others two thousand, and so on down to five hundred.

A BEAUTIFUL illustration of woman's love has just been exhibited in Liverpool. A woman, to shield her husband, who was charged with removing the end of her nose, swore that she bit it off herself.

IN a little over three years—from February, 1871, to May, 1874—there were 29 changes of Ministry in France, while in England, during the 37 years of Queen Victoria's reign, there have been only 6.

NEW ORLEANS has adopted the plan long pursued in London and Paris, and the street-car companies are obliged to refuse transportation to a greater number of passengers than can be accommodated with seats.

THE last new thing in dry goods stores in Paris is a billiard-room for husbands and brothers, wherein they may beguile the time while their fair companions are making their purchases. A good luncheon and glass of wine are also provided gratis.

HOLLAND, with its 3,513,316 well-educated inhabitants, has 1004 booksellers, 367 hand-press printers, and 98 printers by steam, 153 paper manufacturers and wholesale paper dealers, 87 bookbinders, 61 music sellers, 48 print sellers, and 10 map and chart publishers.

THE American process of condensing milk, invented by the late Gail Borden, of Texas, has been everywhere copied in Europe. Large works have been erected in Switzerland, and cows that feed in the finest Alpine pastures now furnish excellent milk for the city of New York.

A LADY writer points out the fact, as worthy of notice, that "while the men who commit suicide are almost always unmarried, the women are married or widowed. This leads to the inference that, while men cannot live without women, women find life unbearable with men."

THE President has signed the bill increasing the pensions of totally disabled soldiers and sailors. The act provides that all persons now entitled to pensions under existing laws, and who have lost either an arm above the elbow, or a leg below the knee, shall receive $24 a month.

A CRICKET match of a novel description took place recently at Melbourne. A number of ladies went into training for a month, and played a match in excellent style for the benefit of the local charities. The red legs scored 62, and the blues 83. The ladies declared they had thoroughly enjoyed the game. A proposal that they should play in bloomer costume was departed from.

SOME fellow in England makes a living out of gullible people, who stopped growing at an inconvenient early period in life, by advertising to make short people tall. At a London police-court, recently, a little woman who had invested eleven shillings in the hope of adding to her stature, applied for redress, her investment not adding one inch to her height.

ACCORDING to a late census there are 350,000 cats in England, and a venerable grimalkin attached to the editoral staff of the London Standard estimates one mouse and five rats to every acre, making a total of 91,116,000 of these animals, consuming grain enough to feed nearly 3,000,000 beings. And yet some people do not like cats.

OF all places in the world to select as a retreat from the scorching heat of a June day, an ice chest is perhaps the last, and yet George Straubel did it. He had been suffering to some slight extent from colic, and was also perspiring profusely. Do what he would he could not keep cool. The more he tried to keep cool the more he perspired, and at last the brilliant idea struck him that a brief retirement in the ice chest would do him up all right. It did the lager good, and why shouldn't it do George Straubel good too? So he got into the ice chest and very soon felt cool enough. The perspiration was checked, and when Straubel got out of the ice chest the perspiration did not return. On the contrary, he couldn't get warm, and he continued to get colder and colder, until, in a short time, George Straubel was not only as cold as death, but he was dead.

Now that the watering-place season is upon us, and Jenkins has the writing-itch, it may not be amiss to give this little gem an airing. The western paper in which it originally appeared shouldn't be allowed to have the monopoly of this brilliant genius: "The pen of Michael Angelo would fail to describe the pot-pourri adornments of the *mise-en-scene* as presented in the gorgeous parlors of Mr. Polyglott's Etruscan residence upon this nobby occasion. Ethiopia stretched forth her hands to enrich with floral gems the *sauve-qui-peut* receptacles of nature's floral gifts, while strains of *dolce far niente* music floated on cherubic wings to fan the ear of the deluded listener. We have gazed upon the somnolent lily floating on the dreamy Nile, and have plucked from their rocky fastnesses the lichen growing in the crevices of Alpine peaks, but Niobe, in all her glory, was never to be compared with a scene like this."

THE divinity that doth shape our ends is curiously exemplified in a story coming from England. In that country, recently, a mechanic having vainly exercised all his ingenuity in endeavoring to get him a wife, advertised for one in a fit of despair. He was profoundly in earnest, and so was the dame who responded. They met, but whether it was the color of her hair, or the shape of her nose, or her disposition, is not said—but he didn't fall a captive to her charms. He advertised again, varying the form of his announcement, and when he had an answer went to see his correspondent with a heart beating high with hope. Alas! He found the equally persevering spinster again. A third time he wooed Fate with a yet differently worded beguilment. He reached the appointed place of meeting—'twas she! Crushed to the earth, and convinced, like Mr. Swiveller, that destiny was full of staggerers, he smiled, he conversed, and meekly at last wedded the determined woman.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

BY T. FERGUSON.

A dim, strange land that lies
Beyond the gates of sleep—
A land of memories,
Where souls may laugh or weep—
A land of hopes and fears—
A land that throbs and teems
With visions of the years
That shall be and have been,
And all the toils and tears
Of all the lives therein—
This is the Land of Dreams.

A land it is of mist,
Wrapt ever in a cloud
Of gold and amethyst,
That, like a woven shroud,
Clings round it for all time,
And veils its woods and streams,
Lest waking man should climb
To those ethereal heights,
And hide their shame and crime,
And clasp their dead delights,
And spoil the Land of Dreams.

A haunted land it is,
This visionary land;
It hath strange mysteries
No soul can understand.
No living soul that strays
Among its pallid beams,
And treads the silent ways,
And meets the shadows there,
Can find a sign or trace
To lay the secret bare,
Hid in the Land of Dreams.

No rest from pain therein
Endures; not much relief
The heart can hope to win,
Nor sure surcease from grief,
That stings it like a wasp.
If, through the misty gleams,
Some form we fain would clasp,
That seems to smile, appears,
A phantom slips our grasp,
And melts away in tears—
Such is the Land of Dreams.

Yet sights it has most fair,
And sounds it has most sweet,
And some may enter there
And find a calm retreat;
But only souls most pure
Such blessed trance possess,
And those may roam secure
Among the shining ways,
And hear the strains that lure,
And find out all the grace
Locked in the Land of Dreams.

But, ah! the dead regrets—
The mournful-voiced desires—
The hope foregone that frets,
The hope forecast that fires—
The things half understood,
Where nothing is, but seems!
The real world is good,
The real world is blest—
The world of flesh and blood;
A weary land at best,
Is the pallid Land of Dreams.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

BY AMY SKELTON.

All quiet; a bright fire burning in the polished stove; the pussy-cat purring sleepily on the velvet hearthrug; the clock ticking, like silver drops of water, upon the mantelshelf; and Mrs. Ives' needle glancing in and out of her work like a small ray of lightning. The children were all tucked snugly up in bed, for Mr. Julius Ives liked to be quiet when he came home from business, and Mrs. Ives was the most devoted and obedient of conjugal partners. It was an exquisitely neat room—a room where the sweet home-element predominated in every nook and corner—a room to which the tired business man might look forward, all day, as a haven of rest and peace.

The clock struck eight; pussy stretched herself drowsily before the fire, and Mr. Ives laid down the paper with a preparatory "Ahem!"

"And now, Melissa," he said, authoritatively, "you may bring me your housebills."

Poor Mrs. Ives started in her chair as if a cannon-ball had thundered ominously into the silence of the cosy little apartment. How much she dreaded the weekly recurrence of this domestic ukase, was only known to herself. It was the skeleton in her closet—the one embittering element of her happy home-life—the haunting ghost that no diplomacy had yet enabled her to exercise. Yet, like a well-trained wife, as she was, she brought the tiny packet of bills, and sat down meekly at her husband's side.

She was a pretty woman, tall and graceful, with straight, regular features, rosy cheeks, and soft, wistful eyes, that looked like brown velvet; a woman whose hands always were white and delicate, and whose dresses always seemed to fit by magic.

Nor was Mr. Julius Ives a disagreeable specimen of mankind to look upon. He was large, and finely-formed, with dark hair, strongly disposed to curl at the ends, and bright black eyes. Yet, nevertheless, there was a certain curve in Mr. Ives' upper lip that savored somewhat of the imperative mood.

"Butter again! that's five pounds we've used within the week," moaned Mr. Ives, checking off the various items of the grocer's bill with the little gold pencil that hung at his watch-chain. "My dear, does Bridget grease the kitchen pans with butter?"

Mrs. Ives cheek glowed.

"Now, Julius, what is the use of talking in that sarcastic sort of way? You don't seem to reflect that a family like ours cannot subsist on air—and you like to have all the cooking very rich, you know."

"Rich! I should think so. Ham—codfish. By the way, Melissa, Jones says they only buy meat three times a week—have it cold every other day. Jones's wife knows how to economize. I suppose you haven't the least idea of what becomes of the joints after they leave the table."

"I have no doubt of Bridget's perfect honesty, Julius."

"Oh, no—of course not. But I do think, Melissa, it is a wife's duty to pay some sort of attention to her husband's pocket."

"Our bills are not disproportionately large, Julius."

"They must be, my dear—they must be. Positively it's enough to frighten one, just to run over these items in the housekeeping accounts! Sugar — raisins — oil — oysters! Melissa, do I keep a restaurant? If not, where do all these things go?"

Mrs. Ives was silent.

"Bread—steaks—joint—two tons of coal! Upon my word!"

Still Mrs. Ives maintained complete taciturnity.

"Melissa," said her husband, placing the bills rather emphatically on the table, "we must turn over a new leaf—we must, positively. Can't you retrench?

"How?"

"In a thousand ways, my dear. Why, my mother never spent half the money you contrive to spend, and there were twelve of us."

"Your mother lived on a farm, Julius. The milk, butter, cheese, and vegetables were from her farm and dairy—the meat and poultry were within her own barn-yard and pasture. I do not think it fair to institute a comparison between her expenses and mine."

"Oh, that's the way you women all talk," said Mr. Ives, impatiently. "All I know is that there must be a screw loose somewhere. You must economize!"

"But Julius——"

"My love, don't you see I'm just lighting my cigar? I never can smoke when my mind is in anyway disturbed. Suppose we dismiss the subject. I am quite sure that I have stated my wishes on the subject with sufficient distinctness!"

Mrs. Ives bit her coral lip, and sewed away vigorously at her work. But if her thoughts could have descended in a shower-bath of words on My. Julius Ives' devoted head, how they would have startled him from the calm complacency of his mood.

"Yes, I'll economize," thought Mrs. Melissa, vindictively dragging the thread through the seams. "I'll give him enough of retrenchment. Why *will* a man relinquish his dignity so far as to interfere in matters he cannot possibly understand. I wonder if he thinks nine people can live on a pint of milk and two baked potatoes a day? I wonder if he knows that I make all the puddings and pies, and give out the tea and coffee, and superintend everything myself? He might know it, if he would take the trouble to inquire, instead of indulging in sweeping denunciations. I wonder if he ever suspects that I trim my own bonnets, and my own dresses, and make the little ones' clothes, and save unnecessary outlay. It's almost enough to make a woman wish she had never got married."

But then Melissa thought of the rosy little ones fast asleep upstairs, and concluded on the whole, there were some sunbeams in her lot.

* * * * * * *

"Hallo, Elmer! why, surely, this isn't you?"

"Well, I don't know whom else it can be," coolly remarked the handsome, bronzed-looking gentleman who had lounged into Mr. Ives' office; "and I've brought Harry Lamarque with me—you remember him, don't you?"

"Remember him—I should think so. And we haven't met before since our college days. Well, I declare, this is a curious coincidence! You'll both of you promise to come and dine with me to-day at five, won't you? Come—I'm sure you haven't any other engagement, and I'll introduce you to my wife."

"I'll come," said Elmer, promptly, "and I'll engage to bring Lamarque with me."

"But you are not going?"

"I must—I've no end of business to transact; but we'll have a regular chat at dinner, old boy."

Melissa had hardly despatched her little band of chubby-faced children to school that morning, when the office boy came knocking at the door with a note.

"From Mr. Ives, ma'am—there ain't no answer."

The note ran as follows:

"I shall bring two old college-mates, Elmer and Lamarque, to dinner. Let it be on the table punctually at six.

"Your affectionate

"JULIUS."

Mrs. Ives folded up the note, and deposited it in her desk, with a comical smile hovering around her mouth.

"Economy is the order of the day," she thought.

It was a bleak day, towards the end of December, with a raw wind, and sky overcast with leaden clouds, and Mr. Ives' nose was decidedly tinged with blue, as he ushered his two shivering guests into the parlor.

"Walk in, gentlemen—walk in and warm yourselves," he said, with hospitable fervor, rubbing his hands.

But, contrary to all his expectations—contrary to the usual domestic arrangements prevailing in that household, there was no fire in the stove—the air was damp and chilly as that of a mausoleum.

Julius bit his lip, and repressed the rather demonstrative expression that was rising to his tongue.

"Be seated, gentlemen; I will rectify this mistake immediately," he said, leaving the room.

"How is this? No fire, and the room like an ice-well!" was his petulant exclamation, as he met his wife in the hall.

"Coal is seven dollars a ton, Julius—it is necessary for us to economize," returned Melissa, demurely.

"Send the maid this minute to kindle a fire," said Julius, with his teeth chattering. "And—my dear, you are surely not going into the room in that faded old dress?"

"Of course I am. My best silk is beginning to wear; and as I can't afford another, I must be as economical as possible."

Julius Ives made a queer grimace; he didn't at all like the operation of "swallowing his own words." And Melissa walked into the presence of his friends, faded old dress and all.

"Six o'clock—isn't dinner nearly ready?" asked Mr. Ives, consulting his chronometer with a sort of warning glance at his wife. Melissa rose, and the same instant dinner was announced.

Now Mrs. Ives was a capital housekeeper, who possessed the faculty of getting up tempting dinners on the shortest possible notice; so that Julius naturally expected a repast suitable to the occasion. What was his dismay on beholding the cold, hacked joint of yesterday, flanked by a few potatoes! Elmer and Lamarque took the seats designated to them, with polite unconsciousness; but Julius Ives looked as black as a thunder-cloud.

"Melissa—what does this mean?" he whispered.

"Does *what* mean, my love?" asked Melissa, with a face of the most innocent astonishment in the world.

Just at that moment, the six little Iveses all burst into the room, shabby and patched. As a general thing, Julius was passing proud of his pretty, well-dressed children.

"Go and get dressed, my dears," he said, sternly. "What on earth does nurse mean by allowing you to come down stairs in this outlandish manner?"

"We *are* drethed, papa," lisped out Master July, with the boldness of conscious rectitude. "Mamma laid out the clothes for uth. The thays it ith econ—econ—"

But Mr. Julius Ives hurried and hustled the little ones out of the room, without waiting for any further explanations.

"Melissa," he said, earnestly, drawing his wife aside into the bow-window, "what is the matter? Are you crazy?"

"Not crazy, love," returned Melissa, sweetly; "only endeavoring to follow the illustrious example of Mrs. Jones, and 'retrench.'"

"But, my dear——"

"Pardon me, Julius; you said that my extravagant housekeeping was 'wasting you out of house and home.' I think that after this you will hardly venture to make that accusation a second time."

"My dear, I—I was a fool," said Julius, with a choking sensation under the bow of his cravat. "I won't interfere in housekeeping affairs again, I promise you. I'm *quite* convinced that I know nothing whatever about the subject. Hereafter I will leave it in your hands."

"Entirely, and without interference?" asked Mrs. Ives, doubtfully.

"Entirely, and without interference," returned Mr. Ives, decisively.

Mrs. Ives turned to her puzzled guests.

"Gentlemen, will you walk into the other room?" she asked, with a calm self-possession that rather astonished them. As she spoke, the folding-doors were thrown back, revealing an elegant little apartment beyond.

Julius walked to the head of a second dinner-table, with a most whimsical face. There were delicate roast fowls and a ham, while various vegetables were ranged in tempting proximity. The glass and silver were all in a glitter, and a dainty little dessert was neatly arranged on the sideboard.

Julius Ives's whole countenance had cleared up with magical promptitude. He turned round and gave his wife a hearty kiss, before he began to carve the chickens.

What Messrs. Elmer and Lamarque thought just then is not on record; but when Melissa came in, subsequently to the after-dinner cigars, bright and smiling, in her "best silk," with the little Ives clustered around her, as fresh and rosy as so many pink and white daisies, they must assuredly have concluded that Julius knew what he was about when he married that pretty woman, with her brown eyes and coral-red mouth.

And before the evening was out Mr. Ives fancied that his domestic discomfiture was too good a joke to keep to himself, and so he confided the whole story to his friends.

"Of course Mrs. Ives was right," said Elmer.

"To be sure she was," assented Lamarque. "I tell you what, Jule, you made a donkey of yourself that time!"

Nor did Mr. Ives venture to deny the self-evident fact. From that day to this he has never said a word—good, bad or indifferent—against the housekeeping bills.

THE EBONY CASKET;

—OR—

The Raymond Inheritance.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

[This serial was commenced in No. 46. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TWIN BROTHERS.

It was a letter that had summoned Jasper Layton away from Millbrook so suddenly.

It arrived while Dora and Bernice were talking in that luxurious drawing-room up stairs, and therefore Jasper found himself quite alone to digest its contents; which ran thus:

"OLD BOY:—I hope you don't intend spending the remainder of your days in that slow old place. You shall not! I want you, and must have you. The beginning and the end of the whole matter is that I am in trouble—dreadfully hard up, and all that sort of thing. You understand—I needn't be more explicit. But if you wish to save me from ruin, and yourself from disgrace, come back to the city as soon as you receive these lines, or you will be too late. This is no idle message, and so you may discover to your cost if you neglect it.

"PHIL."

Jasper's face grew dark with trouble as he read this singular epistle.

"Poor Phil," he muttered. "Into what new disgrace has the foolish fellow fallen, I wonder? Of course I must go to him. I am always going to him. His dilemmas are generally so serious that I dare not trifle with them."

He heaved a deep sigh as he spoke, and the trombled expression of his face deepened perceptibly.

Not for one moment did he think of disregarding the summons—if such it could be called. Experience had taught him better than that.

Consulting a time-table, he found that he had not a moment to lose if he expected to take the next train for the city. So he hunted up Mr. Lasalle, bade him a hurried good-by, left his adieux for Dora and Bernice, and departed.

It was some time after dark when he reached New York. He took a cab at the railway terminus, and drove at once to a certain number in upper Broadway—a first-class boarding house.

The city clocks were just on the stroke of ten as he ascended the steps and rang the bell.

A servant soon made his appearance—sleek, well-filled, nicely-dressed, just such a person as one would expect to see in so aristocratic an establishment.

"I wish to see Mr. Philip Layton," said Jasper, stepping back into the shadow of the doorway.

The servant did not recognize him. "Mr. Layton is ill, sir," he said politely. "He cannot see you."

"My business is of importance; it will admit of no delay."

"I'm sorry," said the man, evidently used to importunity. "I can do nothing more than deliver his messages. I was ordered to refuse him to everybody to-night."

He turned, half closing the door, as if to end the matter then and there; but Jasper thrust his boot into the aperture.

"I *will* see Philip Layton," he exclaimed, a sudden fire flashing in his eyes. "You may go up and tell him so."

The servant—a new one to Jasper—stared a moment, tried to peer into the young man's face, but, being baffled by the slouched hat he had on, finally turned away, muttering. The imperious voice decided him.

"Very well, sir, I'll take up your message."

He went up stairs, and after a brief absence came down again with a note feebly scrawled on tinted paper.

"Send up your bills at three to-morrow, and I'll settle them."

Jasper stepped within the hall to read this message. His whole soul sickened at this evidence of continual hammering from creditors. He had not believed it was so bad before. It was clear enough now, why Philip had sent for him.

"Lead the way to Mr. Layton's at once," he said to the servant, with an air of authority.

The man recoiled a step or two. For the first time, he now saw the visitor's face distinctly.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered. "Of course Mr. Layton will see you. I think he expects you. You are his brother?"

"Yes, I am his brother."

"This way, sir. I am sorry you did not say so at once."

Jasper silently followed the servant up the richly carpeted stairs to an apartment on the second floor, where he tapped softly.

"Come in," said a subdued voice.

Jasper entered, and found Philip lying on a sofa under the window, in a very shabby dressing-gown, looking very pale and languid, as if he were really ill, or suffering from the effects of continued debauchery.

"*You!*" he cried, starting up, as Jasper's tall figure crossed the threshold.

"Yes, Phil." and they shook hands under the softly-shaded gas jet.

The likeness between the brothers, for such they were indeed, was wonderful.—There was the same tall, graceful figure, the same high-bred face, the same courtly air and winning smile. One might readily have passed for the other, save that Philip looked more jaded and care-worn.

They were twin-brothers—orphans—and a large fortune had been divided between them originally. But Philip's patrimony had gradually wasted away under the continual drain caused by his debaucheries and heavy losses at the gaming-table.

"You are welcome, Jasper," he said, sitting down, rather nervous and apprehensive. "I had almost given you up for to-night."

"I got your letter. Of course I could not tarry long, after that."

"Humph. You always were a good fellow, Jasper; as ready again to please me as I was to please you."

Jasper took another chair, directly opposite, and sat looking steadfastly at his brother for several minutes. He saw with pain and mortification that Philip's eyes refused to meet his own, plump and fair.

"What do you want?" he said. "Why did you send for me?"

"You know," was the peevish answer. "I'm in trouble, and you must help me out of it."

Jasper sighed. It was such a common occurrence of late for Philip to be "in trouble."

"What sort of trouble?"

"It's all about money matters, of course. If it were anything else, I could bear it better. But I'm always in hot water—I have such a deuced run of luck," and he tapped the carpet nervously with his slippered foot, unconscious or careless how utterly selfish such a speech must sound.

"I think I understand the case, Phil," said Jasper, more sternly than he often spoke. "It is useless to mince matters. You have called me down to New York to pay some of your gambling debts."

A flush mounted to the young man's temples. Some sharp sentences seemed to tremble on his lips, but he suppressed them, and said, sullenly:

"If you *will* put it in that coarse way, I cannot help myself."

"The truth should need no cover."

"Don't preach," angrily. "You know I never could abide that."

"I have no such intention, having seen the folly of it."

"Humph." Philip shifted his position, and his eyes swept furtively over his brother's face, as if seeking to discover precisely what he had to expect.

"It's getting late," he said, "and I'm too sick and tired to argue. Come out in plain language, and tell me if you will help me or not?"

"Have I not always helped you?"

"Yes," sullenly. "You needn't throw the fact in my teeth, though."

"How much do you want?"

"Five thousand dollars."

Jasper drew back, paling perceptibly. "Good heavens!" he cried out, sharply.—"Why, man, you are on the verge of ruin."

"It looks like that," was the dogged answer.

"What will be the result if I refuse to satisfy your demands?"

Philip rose up. His face was ghastly, save two livid spots that burned in either cheek.

"It's easily told," he said, hoarsely. "I shall blow my brains out with the pistol you see on yonder table. *You* will figure in a sensation article in to-morrow's *Herald* as the *tender-hearted* brother of a suicide."

His look was frightful—more so than his words. Weak in most things, he could be strong and resolute enough in this, and so one glance into his desperate face told his brother.

Shuddering, Jasper said, after a little silence:

"Sit down. I will not drive you to such a desperate deed, just yet. You shall have the money. It will go as other thousands of mine have done, to pay your gambling debts. I know that, full well. You have wasted your own fortune, and now are trying to waste mine. But, hear me. This is the last time I shall ever stretch forth a finger to save you; so take heed. Even the most patient man cannot always endure. I fully believe it would be wrong for me so to countenance your dissipations."

It was a long speech for Jasper to make. He sat quite still, looking at his brother with compressed lips and lowering brow, when it was ended. Then silence fell.

Philip broke it. With trembling fingers he pulled a check-book across the table to him, showing only in his increased agitation that he had heard what was said to him.

"This is yours, Jasper. You left it, when you came to see me the last time. I might have signed one of these checks, and presented it myself, and nobody would have suspected it was not you. But I would not be so dishonorable."

Jasper recoiled, sharply. Quivering all over, as if he had looked some fearful peril in the face, he dropped one hand over the book and held it fast.

"Pen and ink," he gasped, rather than said. "You shall have the checks filled and signed at once."

Philip brought what was needed from his desk. There was a smile upon his lips as he did so. He knew of what his brother was thinking.

"The fool believes I would commit forgery," he said to himself. "He is frightened to think he should have put the temptation in my way. Bah! I *would* have done it, too, but for the risk."

Jasper's pen went scratching over the paper. After a minute or two, he tore off the checks, five in number, each for one thousand dollars.

"There is the amount for which you asked. Take it. You will get no more from me. I've done what I could—I can do no more."

He pushed the strips of paper across the table to his brother. He waited until Philip had gathered them up and put them safely away in his purse.

Then an irrepressible groan burst from him. He could wear no longer the mask of sternness he had put on.

"O, Phil! Phil!" he cried, bending forward suddenly, with both hands shaking in the air. "We are brothers. We are alone in the world. Let what will happen, we must never forget that."

His eyes were filled with tears. His voice shook so he could scarcely speak.

"No," said Phil, moved in spite of himself, "we must not forget that. You are my good genius, Jasper. If there is anything true or noble about me, you will bring it out, if anybody can."

"You will try to mend your ways—you *will* try?"

"Yes, for your sake."

"God bless you. God keep you, and make you strong, my brother."

Obeying an impulse he could scarcely have resisted, he leaned forward and kissed Philip; then left the room and the house.

Had he left good seed behind him? Ay, the best that ever was sown; but, alas! the ground was shallow.

Philip came the next day to the hotel where Jasper had his rooms—as bright, handsome, *debonair* as though nothing had happened. His haggard face had grown fresh and young-looking over night. So lightly and easily could he throw off all trouble!

Jasper was not in, but a letter lay on the table waiting for him. Philip sauntered nonchalantly through the rooms, whistling opera airs, and finally approached the table and took up the letter.

It was one of those delicate, bescented affairs in which the feminine heart delights. Phil turned it over wonderingly. A quick glance assured him it was very insecurely sealed.

"By Jove," he muttered, "I'm tempted to open it, and learn who is Jasper's correspondent. He has no right to be so close-mouthed about his affairs."

A moment's hesitation, a quick glance all round, and the thing was done.

The letter was from Dora Raymond, written from Shrublands. It contained an invitation to visit there at his earliest convenience.

Phil had heard of the Raymonds, and comprehended the position of affairs at once.

"This Dora is a great heiress, I've heard," he muttered. "Jasper knows how to butter his bread, after all, it appears. Humph! I wonder if it would be of any use to try my own hand at that little game? By Jove! I'll know before I'm done with it! That's my last chance, to marry a rich woman, and I know it!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

SHRUBLANDS.

The soft rose-red of sunset was in the sky, deepening rapidly into purple along the line of the river, and grown darker yet where the far-off circle of hills rimmed the horizon, when Mr. Raymond reached Shrublands with his young companions.

The house looked unusually bright and cheerful in the rosy glow, with the green of trees, and the clinging tendrils of vines, half-hiding, half-revealing its gray old walls.

Before the door, fountains splashed in marble basins, with a gentle murmur that lulled one with a sense of coolness and repose; the great entrance-hall was unusually quiet, for birds and beasts, macaws, monkeys, cockatoos, and all the chattering favorites in which the master of the house delighted, were sleeping, or fast sinking into that dreamy state which precedes repose.

Giles Raymond paused in passing to give Limping Dick a poke with his gold-headed cane, and then laughingly tossed a handful of bon-bons into the paws uplifted to receive them.

"Don't tell me brutes cannot reason," he said, airily, as he led the way into the drawing-room. "Just look at that darling old Dick. He knew as well what to expect as a child would have done."

Bernice clung closely to Dora's arm, as they passed the gilded cages in which the various pets were domiciled. An involuntary shudder ran all over her. There seemed something strange, something horrible, in the eccentricity that could care to gather all these gibbering creatures together. She felt a dull sinking of the heart, when the house-doors had once fairly shut her in. Had she been wise in coming back, after all? It was the same old house in which she had been snubbed and persecuted before. Could she hope for better treatment now?

Dora must have observed her shrinking gesture, for, turning, she bent a sharp, sudden look upon her face. "You are beginning a new life to-night, Bernice," she said, in a low voice. "Bear that in mind, and let the wretched past slip out of your memory as rapidly as possible."

"I will try, dear Dora."

The drawing-room was already lighted, and a tall, stately figure, in rustling silk, came towards them, from a distant alcove, as they entered.

Was it Mrs. Raymond? Bernice looked up quickly. Two soft hands grasped her own, and she felt a kiss upon her cheek.

"Welcome back, my dear," said a voice softer than silk—unmistakably the voice of the mistress of the house.

"This is your home, Bernice, as long as you choose to stay," said Mr. Raymond, coming to her side. "We shall try to make it very pleasant for you."

"Ay! very pleasant," echoed his wife.

Not a word was said of the singular manner in which Bernice had left Shrublands—not a word of that still more singular advertisement Jasper Layton had found in the columns of the Herald. It was evidently thought best to ignore that part altogether.

There was a silence in the room. Mrs. Raymond sat down under the brilliant gas-jet, with her hands meekly folded. She looked the very personification of placid good temper.

Everybody felt a slight constraint. Shrewdly observant of this fact, Mr. Raymond resolved to break through it at all hazards.

"We will have quite a change here," he said, glibly. "The old house shall echo to wassail and merriment again. It has been silent long enough. Now, you and Dora are both with us, we'll fill it with gay company, Bernice; and you shall be happy as the day is long."

He smiled, and his wife repeated the smile; but it was in an odd way, with her eyes blinking horribly.

"Yes, my dear," she murmured.

Bernice felt herself recoil from the woman and the man, as though there were something dangerous and deadly about them. In vain she struggled against the feeling; it could not be conquered. Oh! what would she not have given at that moment for a breath of the free air outside, and the sense of security she had known at Millbrook before Dora made her appearance there! Security? Was there danger for her—hidden, unknown danger—lurking in that strange house, with its strange master and mistress?

"I do not care for company," she said, in a low voice, after a pause. "Love me, be kind to me; I'll ask no more."

Her voice faltered, broke, and the sheen of tears was in her eyes.

"Love you?" echoed Mr. Raymond, dropping one of his cool, moist hands upon her brow. "We can promise to do that already. Poor, lonely girl. We have loved you from the first, though you were slow to realize it."

"Yes," nodded his wife.

"Now that we are united by the ties of blood, and *know* that fact, of course we shall learn to prize you all the more highly."

Mrs. Raymond looked up quickly. "The ties of blood?" she echoed.

Her husband frowned a little, giving her a sharp glance. "Yes, my dear, of course; my cousin Elise's child has the Raymond blood in her veins."

"To be sure." Mrs. Raymond smiled, and absently picked at the lace in her sleeves. "What a pity we did not learn of the relationship sooner. Your cousin Elise's child shall be loved next to our own dear daughter."

"Thank you, Hester." And Mr. Raymond, stooping, kissed his wife quite gallantly. "I never doubted your kind heart."

Of course all this was very pretty; but somehow it failed to have its intended effect upon Bernice. She could not get rid of the disagreeable impression that it was gotten up solely for her benefit. Oh! what horrible thoughts she was revolving in her mind. It seemed mean—ungrateful! They were trying to be so kind to her. How could she distrust them?

The evening seemed interminable. Mr. Raymond chatted volubly, and seemed in the best of spirits. His wife amiably echoed all his witticisms, and Dora sat by, with a half-scornful smile upon her lips, which she took no pains to conceal. Bernice was glad when the hour came for retiring.

Mr. Raymond rang the bell, and said to the servant who answered it: "Send Patty Glint here."

Patty soon came hobbling into the room—a tall, gaunt creature, with a coarse face, crooked shoulders, and an ungainly limp. Bernice could not repress a start at sight of her. She thought of the singular letter Captain Marthe had written, and to which he had signed Patty's name. She thought of a thousand other circumstances with which Patty had been more or less closely connected. And, thinking of these, the gaunt, hollow-eyed old woman seemed more witch-like and disagreeable than ever. But she was in Mr. Raymond's confidence, to a certain extent. She wielded a power in that house no other servant held. Even Bernice had been there long enough to be cognizant of this fact. Hence the attention she had given to that forged letter which bore her name.

She knew well that Patty could have made a great many startling revelations, had she been so disposed.

Now the old woman started a little, and eyed her all around, in a strange, horrible manner that chilled Bernice's blood.

"Back again, Miss?" said she, hoarsely, like the croaking of a raven. "It's no surprise to me. I expected to see you, sooner or later."

Mr. Raymond turned, frowning, towards her.

"You are to act as Miss Vance's maid until another can be procured, Patty," said he. "Please show her to a room, and see that she wants for nothing."

"Yes, sir," said Patty, with a bob and a grimace.

"I—I—do not want a maid," stammered poor Bernice. "Indeed, I would much rather do without one."

"Nonsense, my dear," said Dora, "Of course you must have a maid. Patty, show Miss Vance to the room next my own. I think she will like that better than any other."

"Yes, miss."

Bernice could do no less than rise, murmur a scarcely audible good-night, and follow the old woman from the room.

Patty went chuckling up the stairs, never once looking back until they had reached the apartment in question. Then she paused, and her twinkling eyes swept all over her companion's shrinking figure.

"You don't like me, miss," she said, leering. "I can see it in your face."

Driven desperate, and scarcely knowing what she said, Bernice answered:

"No, I don't like you. I wish you would go away. I want to be alone."

"Humph!" She laughed, and glared at the girl with something dark of menace and hatred in her beady eyes. "There's no love lost between us, I am sure. And I'll go, since you wish it."

"I do."

"Very well—very well, miss. What an incomprehensible child you are—so free, so outspoken."

Then, bending suddenly nearer she added, in a lower voice:

"You're a fool—a fool, miss, for all your wisdom, or you would never have come back to this doomed house!"

So saying, with another dark look, whether of pity or menace this time it would have been hard to tell, she was gone.

CHAPTER XIX.

A BIT OF EAVESDROPPING.

Bernice passed a wretched night. For a long while after Patty Glint had left her, the old woman's strange words and looks filled all her thoughts.

"Does she, too, know I am in danger?" she said to herself, anxiously. "Was it in her heart to warn me, just now?"

Possibly. She might never know. But it would be well, in any event, to be strictly on her guard.

Before lying down, she looked to the door, and found a bolt, high up, which she pushed into its socket, thus securing herself against intrusion. The ebony casket she hid underneath her pillow.

It was very late when she fell asleep. Horrible dreams, in which she was always the victim of some terrible conspiracy, visited her pillow. From one of these, presently, she awakened with a start.

The house seemed very quiet, at first. She lay perfectly still for some minutes, feeling that vague restlessness one is so apt to experience in a strange place.

Suddenly a sound caught her ear. She held her breath, listening intently. A step creaked along the passage—a soft, gliding, cat-like step. Then came another, softer, more noiseless than the first.

Both paused before her door; there was a long silence—then a muffled whisper outside, and the knob turned slowly.

Bernice could hear all that passed—she even saw the knob turn. But she lay breathless, fixed as stone, so frightened that her heart almost ceased to beat.

Of course the door would not yield; the bolt held it securely. Then there was another pause—more whispering, shriller than the first had been, and, at last, silence, as the mysterious steps retreated.

Bernice drew a long, sobbing breath of relief. She sat bolt upright in the bed, trembling, and all in a perspiration. It was thus the agony of uncertainty, so brief in its duration, so long when measured by the acuteness of her suffering, left her.

What did it mean? She put her hand underneath the pillow. There lay the precious casket, just as she had placed it. Was the same terrible conspiracy that had tried to rob her of it in the house by the river, at work here at Shrublands?

She dared not follow the thought to the one issue to which it inevitably led. She dared not think so ill of Giles Raymond as she must think unless such suspicions were banished effectually from her mind.

And yet there seemed to be no other solution to the would-be intrusion her precautions had baffled so successfully.

At last she laid down again, but it was long before, utterly wearied out with useless conjecture, she fell into a troubled sleep.

Both Mr. Raymond and his wife eyed her keenly when she went down stairs the next morning. But her sweet face showed no signs of what she had suffered save a slight pallor.

"I hope you slept well, dear," said Mrs. Raymond, sweetly.

Bernice forced herself to reply, with an air of well-assumed unconcern:

"Not very. My dreams were not pleasant."

"Ah?"-with a quick, askant look. "It was because you were tired, of course?"

"I suppose so."

Some time after breakfast she went into the grounds for a walk. She had penetrated quite a distance into the shrubbery, when voices on the other side of a thick hedge, reached her ears.

Pausing and listening a moment, she saw that the speakers were the master and mistress of Shrublands.

They were conversing very earnestly, and pretty soon, as they came nearer, she heard Mrs. Raymond say:

"Do you think she suspects us?"

"No," was the answer, in a tone that distinctly reached her ears. "We've pulled the wool over her eyes pretty effectually, if you will pardon the vulgarism."

"Why, then, did she bolt her door last night?"

"Bah! A woman's notion. They are afraid of their own shadows, you know. I draw no bad inference from that."

"*I* am not afraid of my shadow, Giles."

"No, Hester. You are one among ten thousand;" and there was a sound as if he had kissed her. "I doubt if you have any nerves."

"I know how to keep them under subjection."

"Good; but Bernice does not, evidently."

There was a moment's silence, and then Mrs. Raymond added:

"I'm really afraid she heard something last night. For all her innocent looks, I could see she was not quite at ease at breakfast."

"Humph! it isn't likely."

"And, say what you will, I don't like the looks of the bolted door."

"Bah! I tell you that meant nothing."

"She did not bolt her door the first time she was here."

"Are you sure?"

"I know she did not."

Then the speakers passed on, and Bernice heard no more.

She turned giddily to retrace her steps to the house. Her heart was heavy with the most dismal forebodings. What had been doubt in her mind was fast deepening into conviction. Danger *did* threaten her at Shrublands, though precisely of what nature she could not tell.

(To be continued in our next.)

TALES OF THE OPERAS.

BY J. BEDDING WARE.

DER FREISCHUTZ.

CHAPTER I.

THE COMPACT.

The scene of our tale is one of those dim, vast forests of Germany, where every hill, and glen, and rock, and stream beams with wild legends of the past.

On the last day but one of the great holiday of the year, a tumultuous crowd of peasants, hunters, and forest rangers had met together on the green, in front of the village inn, to compete for the annual prize given by their Prince to the best rifle-shot.

The day was drawing to a close, and the competition was almost over; for another shot would decide who was the victor. It proved a successful one; the centre of the bull's-eye was hit, and a peasant named Killian bore off the much-coveted medal, which conferred on him the proud title of "King of the Marksmen" for the ensuing twelve months.

The joy of the non-professional riflemen was unbounded. They danced, and sang, and quaffed huge draughts of liquor, and jeered the unsuccessful forest rangers, until a fierce quarrel seemed to be impending; but ultimately, through the landlord's intervention, the threatened storm blew over, good humor and good fellowship once again prevailed, and after a final drinking of healths, and a merry dance, all departed.

Save one, a young ranger, named Rodolph, who was moodily sitting at a table in front of the inn, immersed in bitter reflection on his failure to win the honor.

He was the favorite *protege* of Kuno, the hereditary head-ranger of that forest, between whose daughter and himself there had long subsisted a deep and sincere mutual attachment. Success to-day would have foreshadowed success to-morrow, when a trial of skill was to take place in the presence of Prince Ottocar, which would either win him the hand of her whom he so ardently loved, and give him the heirship to Kuno's high office, or, in case of renewed failure, consign his hopes and prospects to irremediable despair. For the hand of the head-ranger's daughter must be bestowed on his appointed successor, and that appointment would be the one great prize to be given by the Prince in person to the best shot of the last and principal day of the meeting.

Hitherto, Rodolph had been renowned above all his fellow foresters for the accuracy and precision of his aim, and, until a few days ago, his victory at the coming meeting had been considered certain; but, for the last week, he had seemed to make the most unaccountable failures. The deer and wild boar passed unscathed, almost under the very muzzle of his once unerring rifle; and, notwithstanding every effort, he had not lately contributed a single head of game to the Castle larder.

No one could tell the cause of this strange alteration. His habits were extremely sober; his rifle the same favorite old weapon which had won him such renown; his powder and ball of the very choicest make, and furnished, as heretofore, from the Castle armory; and yet he could hit nothing.

Was it magic, witchcraft, sorcery? Who could tell?

There was one, or the legend speaks falsely, a fellow ranger, whose lonely habits and mysterious bearing had lately become a subject of remark through all the neighborhood.

That man was he who now stole in from the gloom, seeming almost to rise out of the earth, and thus accosted the desponding lover:—

"So you are still here, comrade? Well, I'm glad of that."

"Glad? Why? You are forever haunting my steps, Caspar. What does it all mean? I wish to be alone."

"Humph! That is all the gratitude I get for the assistance I come to proffer."

"Assistance! What assistance?"

"We'll speak of that presently. What have you to drink here? Nothing but sour beer? Faugh! Let us crack a bottle of wine together before we talk about business. What ho, landlord! Bring us a bottle of your best old Rhenish wine, and a couple of goblets."

"I have no inclination to drink," replied Rodolph, relapsing into his melancholy reverie.

"Nonsense, man! A cup of good wine will drive out the foul fiend that seems to have clutched hold of you."

"No; you must excuse me."

"I say yes! I won't excuse you!"

But poor Rodolph was too utterly cast down to reply further than by a sad, sorrowful sigh.

"Why, what on earth ails you?" continued Caspar, as he poured out the wine, which the landlord had placed on the table, and pushed a brimming goblet over to the young forester.

"Nothing that wine can cure."

"But, perhaps, something that *I* can," responded the other, in a tone full of significance.

"What mean you?" demanded Rodolph, starting up with intense earnestness.

"Sit down, comrade," replied Caspar, coolly. "Drink that goblet of good wine, and then I'll tell you to what I allude."

And the despairing boy, after gazing fixedly at his companion for a moment, and encountering a look of even greater intensity, drained the glass to the very last drop.

"Now speak," said he.

"I will, upon the condition that you solemnly swear never to mention to a living soul what I am about to reveal."

"I swear it."

"'Tis well! I know, comrade, you are a man of your word, and I trust to you implicitly."

"You may do so."

"Listen! Have you never heard there are certain strange, mysterious and occult intelligences which possess, and under certain circumstances can transmit to human beings, vast supernatural powers?"

"I have heard so, but I can scarcely believe it."

"But I *know* it!"

"You do?" exclaimed Rodolph, rising from his seat, in almost terrified astonishment.

"Yes; positively. Why, what do you blanch at? Sit down, and listen to me quietly and calmly. You have, no doubt, heard and believe that the great grandsire of our present chief ranger owed his appointment to that office to an almost incredible feat which he accomplished with his rifle?"

"I have heard, and from such authority that I do believe it."

"You believe that when the ancestors of this Prince, and of this same Kuno, were one day pursuing the chase through this very forest, they saw, in the extreme distance, a stag in full flight, upon whose back was bound a poor huntsman, who, having committed some offence against the forest law, was thus doomed to a death of torture?"

"I do."

"And that the Prince, in pity for the man's horrible sufferings, offered to create and bestow the office of hereditary keeper on whoever saved his life?"

"I admit that, too."

"And that Kuno's great grandsire raised his rifle, fired, and that the stag fell lifeless, while the man remained unhurt. You think all this is true?"

"I do."

"Humph! Well, many people said that rifle was loaded with a charmed ball."

"I never heard that, and I don't believe it."

"I *do*, for the simple reason that *I know it!*"

"You know it?"

"Yes. And you love Agatha?"

"Words cannot express how dearly."

"Well, here, take my rifle."

"For what purpose?"

"You see yonder bird, soaring in the sky?"

"Scarcely. 'Tis a mere spot."

"No matter. Take aim, and fire."

"I cannot take aim at that which I hardly see."

"Fire, I repeat!"

Rodolph fired, and after a few moments' pause a large black eagle fell lifeless at their feet.

The young forester was bewildered with astonishment, and staggered back to his seat, scarcely able to breathe.

"Another goblet of this famous Rhenish!" exclaimed Caspar, pouring it out with a sardonic smile, and handing it to his companion, who emptied the glass at a draught, with well-nigh delirious eagerness.

"Keep cool, comrade," continued he.—"Well, what do you think now?"

"What am I to think?" murmured the young lover.

"Well, the forester who can make such a shot as that ought, I think, to win the prize," said Caspar, filling his own goblet. "Here's health to the charming Agatha, and success to you to-morrow, my friend!" and he, too, drained his glass to the dregs.

"Am I dreaming?" muttered Rodolph.

"No; certainly not," sententiously responded the other. "You perceive your skill has not yet deserted you."

"But that bullet?"

"Well?"

"How was it made?"

"Humph! It was made by——"

"What?"

"A certain charm."

"Are you serious?"

"I was never less inclined to jest."

"Have you any more?"

"No; my stock is exhausted. That was the last of seven."

"Can another be procured?"

"Not one, but several."

"How? At any cost, I must possess them!"

"Will you meet me to-night?"

"Yes. Where?"

"In the mouth of the Wolf's Glen."

"At that horrible place? I——"

"You lack the courage."

"Do you dare insult me?"

"Will you accept my offer?"

"I will. Yet 'tis a fearful spot."

"Psha! It has a bad reputation, you mean. I think it neither better nor worse than any other place of the sort. And, after all, the casting of these same bullets is mere boy's play to a man of courage and resolution."

"I will come."

"If you do not, you will lose Agatha to-morrow, as surely as the moon is now rising in yonder sky. Her doom will be a broken heart and death; yours, shame and dishonor!"

"Come weal, come woe, I will meet you this night!"

"'Tis well."

"At what hour?"

"At midnight."

"At midnight; so be it."

And the tempter and his hoped-for victim clasped hands on their compact, and parted as the bell of the neighboring monastery tolled nine.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHARMED BULLETS.

At the same hour as this momentous interview, the beautiful Agatha and her gay cousin Anne were seated in an old-fashioned apartment of the head-ranger's hunting-lodge, conversing about the inauspicious result of that day's shooting, and the still more important trial-shot of the coming morrow.

The room was well-nigh filled, and the walls almost entirely covered, with celebrated trophies of the chase; even the arms and backs of the chairs were curiously fashioned of branching stags' horns; and the half-dozen drinking-cups, which stood in proud array on a side-table of black oak, were of the same material, heavily and richly mounted in silver.

Over the vast chimney-piece, in the fireplace of which a roaring pile of logs blazed and crackled merrily, hung the carefully-preserved head of the very stag which Kuno's ancestor had shot when he gained his hereditary office; and, immediately facing it, on the opposite wall of the apartment, was suspended the portrait of the man beneath the aim of whose unerring rifle the animal fell.

The table at which Agatha and her merry cousin were seated stood by the wall, opposite the fire-place, immediately under the old portrait, which seemed gazing down upon them from its heavy antique frame, with the weird wistfulness of a departed spirit.

"But where can Rodolph be staying?" said Agatha. "I never knew him to be so late before."

"He is not far off; probably giving an extra clean-up to his rifle, in readiness for to-morrow."

"Ah! to-morrow—to-morrow! I know not why, but I feel an unaccountable dread of this coming trial."

"Nay; you distress yourself unnecessarily, dear Agatha. Rodolph has certainly been shooting wildly for the last few days; but that is no such great wonder. All the rangers do it occasionally. Come, cheer up!"

"I cannot. I try in vain to banish these gloomy forebodings. They cling to me in spite of every effort."

"Nonsense!"

"This old hunting-lodge, although I was born in it, seems to-night more dreary than usual."

"Why give way to such strange fancies?"

"A mysterious gloom seems to pervade everything around."

"Pshaw! you are worrying yourself without reason. Take a glass of wine; it will cheer you up."

"No, thank you. I feel as if it would choke me. Rodolph never touches wine—that's one comfort."

"Rodolph is a fine, noble fellow," replied Anne. "I only wish I was sure of getting half so good a husband. Come, do take one glass."

"No; I cannot. I know not why, but the very thought of wine makes me shudder."

"Ah! that is another foolish fancy."

"I cannot help it."

"I really do think, cousin Agatha, that, with a little more firmness, you could."

"I will try," murmured poor Agatha. "Hark! 'tis nine o'clock, and Rodolph has not yet returned."

While she was speaking, the monastery bell tolled nine. The portrait, beneath which they were sitting, fell with a loud crash upon the table at the last stroke of the hour; and, at that very moment, the unhallowed compact between her lover and his companion was being ratified by their hand-grasp in front of the village inn.

"Mercy! mercy!" exclaimed the terrified girl.

"Bless my soul!" said the stronger-minded Anne. "Well, that really was somewhat startling, I confess."

"It is an evil omen!" murmured Agatha, shuddering.

"It is nothing of the sort," replied the other; "it is a rusty old nail—that's what it is; and for a kreutzer we can buy a dozen new ones. I declare, I never, in all my life saw such a timorous creature as you have become."

"I cannot help it! Where, on earth, can Rodolph be staying?"

"Out in the forest, perhaps, watching for poachers."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! That terrible picture!"

"Don't be a fool, Agatha! I vow that I'm getting quite ashamed of having such a cousin."

"Ah, pray don't speak so harshly, dear Anne!"

"But I must and will. I tell you plainly, if you don't cure yourself of these childish imaginings before you are married, you had better keep single, for you'll make Rodolph miserable."

"Oh, don't say so, I implore you."

"You will. And then he'll shoot or drown himself, or something of that sort, as sure as you're alive."

"Pray don't."

"And then you'll be left a disconsolate widow——"

"No, no!"

"With your husband's death upon your conscience."

"I will try—I will try to overcome my foolish weakness."

"That's right. And as hard work is one of the best cures in the world for the melancholics, get me a hammer and a nail, and let us see if we can't fix this ugly old sinner up in his place again. The idea that a trumpery morsel of old canvas, and a rusty nail, and a worm-eaten bit of wood that you couldn't well light a fire with, should cause such a commotion! It is positively disgusting! I have a great mind to throw the whole lot on the smouldering logs. We might get up a blaze with the paint, perhaps."

"Oh, Anne, pray don't talk in that way!" said Agatha, as she brought the hammer and a large nail, while her active, lively little cousin straightway proceeded to mount upon the table, and drive in the new support.

"I'd not only talk, but, for two pins, I'd do it!" rejoined Anne, hammering away with great energy. "He must have been a horrid, ugly old wretch, if that is anything like him! I wouldn't have married a man with such an awful face, if he had been a prince! There—that will do for the nail! That's fast enough! He won't come down again for the next fifty years, I promise you! Now, hand him up."

And with a little, faint-hearted assistance from Agatha, who could scarcely suppress a shudder, as she assisted in lifting the heavy old picture, it was soon replaced in its position.

The old portrait had scarcely been restored to its place, when Rodolph entered the room, apparently in unusually good spirits.

"Here I am at last, you see!" said Rudolph, gaily.

"Yes; but why, truant, did you return so late?" asked Agatha, joyfully.

"'Better late than never,' my darling, as the old proverb runs. I have good news for you."

"Oh, I am so happy!"

"After nearly a week of constant failure, my skill seems to have returned. I have killed a splendid stag in the forest since sundown."

Rodolph should have said a black eagle. Had he done so, the ladies would have considered it ominous. He, therefore, did not mention the fact.

"There! are you not ashamed of yourself?" said Anne, archly, to her now happy cousin.

"Ashamed of what?" inquired Rodolph.

"Nothing. No matter, now," replied she.

"But I must leave you again almost directly."

"Leave us so soon! Why?"

"The stag must be taken to the Castle to-night."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! I almost wish you had not come at all! It is very tantalizing. Where have you left the creature?"

"In the forest, near the Wolf's Glen."

"Good gracious! It is said the place is the abode of evil spirits."

"A nursery tale, to frighten children."

"And that the demon hunter has taken up his abode in that hollow."

"Dear Agatha, how can you be so superstitious? If the Prince's wood-rangers were to allow themselves to be influenced by such fables, one-half of the game in the forest would be given up to the tender mercies of gipsies and poachers."

"Now, really, dear Agatha, I must take part against you in this matter. Rodolph is perfectly right; no man is fit to be a forest-ranger who can be frightened by such imaginary dangers."

"Besides," added Rodolph, "I presume you hope I shall be successful in the contest to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes."

"And that I shall be proclaimed your father's successor?"

"Of course I do."

"And would you have it said that I was afraid of going to the Wolf's Glen at midnight?"

"At midnight!" echoed the timid girl, relapsing into her fears.

"At any hour when duty called me."

"Ah!" replied she, with a sigh; "you may talk forever, but you cannot convince me. I have an unspeakable horror of that place!"

"Nay, my darling, have no fear. Come, give me one kiss. We must part now."

"So soon?"

"Yes; that is, unless you wish me to be kept in that 'horrible' neighborhood until midnight!" replied he, gaily, but still with a forced smile. "Farewell, dear love! To-morrow morning you will see me here at dawn, safe and sound, depend upon it."

"Good-bye, dear Rodolph!" murmured she, as he left the apartment. "May he be preserved from danger!" she said.

And, falling on her knees before an image of the Saviour, which hung in the anteroom, to which she had accompanied him, Agatha uttered a fervent prayer for her lover's safety.

May it not be that this heartfelt supplication of the innocent girl was heard and registered above?

* * * * *

It is close on midnight, and in a gloomy hollow of the Wolf's Glen knelt the man who had tempted Rodolph to do a deed which might end in the young lover's destruction, and give the tempter another seven years' respite from the power of the fiend whom he served.

There he knelt, in the midst of a circle of human skulls and the bones of the dead, and other unholy appliances, gathered with sacrilegious hands from decayed tombs, gibbets, and the dens of wild beasts of that vast forest, who had made the babes and children of his brother men their prey.

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature," muttered he; "and it is, therefore, but natural that I should follow its dictates."

And soon from the same, but now far distant, monastery bell, on which the hour of nine had struck when their compact was made, there boomed forth the last stroke of midnight, as Rodolph, true to his appointment, rushed down the precipice, and stood, undaunted, beside the magic circle.

"Your hand, comrade. You are punctual, I see," said Caspar, as, with a grip of steel, he seized the young forester's hand, and drew him rapidly within the circle. "Now everything is prepared—all is ready. Will you cast the balls yourself?"

"No; that was not our compact," replied Rodolph, in tones that he vainly attempted to render firm and fearless.

"Stand there, then. Whatever you may see or hear, do not utter a syllable. Should strange forms appear, and singular beings come to assist us, you need have no fear; but if you speak, even one word, your life may pay the forfeit. If you see me falter, which, perchance, I may, though not from fright, repeat after me each syllable I utter, or our labor will all be vain. You understand?"

"I do."

"Then, now to work!"

And he bent thrice over a crucible, which rose out of the earth at the third wave of his hand from east to west.

At this instant a terrific storm burst over the forest, rooting up trees, flinging gigantic branches in all directions, and destroying everything which came in its course.

* * * * *

The original manuscript containing the old German legend here devotes no less than fourteen pages to a detailed description of all the cabalistic words, and signs, and revolting ceremonies, and unearthly appearances, and horrible yells, which preceded and accompanied the casting of the seven enchanted bullets; but it is needless, and would be wearisome beyond sufferance, to encumber our pages with them. People now-a-days no longer believe in Albertus Magnus and Trismegistus and their occult sayings and doings; so the reader must be content with the knowledge that the balls were successfully cast; that Rodolph neither blanched nor spoke, and that the whole ended—to use the identical quaint, but exceedingly plain, words of the original German recounter of the tale—"in a suffocating and indescribably vast quantity of flames and sulphurous smoke," through which Caspar and Rodolph, with much difficulty, made their way from the glen.

CHAPTER III.

THE FATAL BULLET.

Although the night had been unusually tempestuous, the morning sun rose bright and clear. Not a cloud appeared in the sky, and the birds were caroling their matin song as merrily as though the soft, exhilarating breeze, which now blew gently among the branches on which they sat, had never been otherwise than thus—calm, and quiet, and refreshing.

Agatha and her cousin were breakfasting in a pretty little room overhung with woodbines, jessamines and roses, forming a strong contrast to the gloom of the apartment in which they had passed the preceding evening. The former, though still pensive and thoughtful, appeared to be in much better spirits than on the night before. Their conversation, of course, turned on the great storm which had, about midnight, passed over the forest.

"I am very glad to hear you were able to sleep at all," said Anne. "It was truly a most fearful tempest."

"I never heard the wind screech and howl so in all my whole life."

"Nor did I. Were you not afraid?"

"I was, and dreaded lest the old house should blow down about our ears; and then I thought of Rodolph's being out in the forest, on such a night, near that horrid Wolf's Glen, and that terrified me still more. Then I had such a strange dream."

"A dream! Oh, pray, let me hear it!"

"Well, I seemed to be changed into a white dove."

"That's good."

"And, as I was sitting on a tree, some horrid, grim-looking man aimed at me."

"Oh! that's bad!"

"Well, there stood the terrible man, with his gun."

"Still aimed at you?"

"Yes; and I could see right down the barrel."

"Go on. Didn't he fire?"

"Ah! he tried. He pulled the trigger, for I heard the click."

"No doubt. Birds have excellent ears."

"Don't be a fool. I won't tell you another word."

"Nonsense! I'm quite serious, I assure you. Go on; you got to where the gun missed fire."

"Well, I sought to fly."

"And, being a bird, of course you could have done so, had you liked."

"Not another word will I speak."

"Now, pray, let me hear the rest. I'm sure I only made a very natural observation. You sought to fly—well?"

"But I was in such deadly fear."

"Yes."

"That I fell from the tree."

"Yes."

"And then the dove disappeared."

"You mean the man disappeared."

"No, I don't; it was the dove."

"But, you were the dove. How could you disappear from yourself?"

"I don't know; but the dove disappeared."

"Well, go on; it's quite as good as dreams usually are. Proceed."

"And in its place there was a large black eagle lying at my feet."

"Ah! that black eagle is very bad."

"Do you really think so?"

"Well—stop—no. Upon second consideration I think it is good, for the eagle was lying at your feet. Was it dead?"

"Yes."

"Then, that is capital!"

"Do you really think so; or is this only another of your jokes?"

"I don't think so; I'm sure of it. You're the dove, and the black eagle was the horrid man with the gun."

"True."

"And now I'll tell you a most remarkable dream that my aunt once had."

"Oh! pray do. There's nothing that I'm so fond of as a good dream."

"Listen. My aunt was lying in bed one moonlight night. She thought—poor old soul!—that she wasn't asleep; but she was. Well, the moon was shining brightly, and the door suddenly creaked on its hinges, and slowly opened; and there came into the room a most horrid-looking hairy monster, with, oh! such bright orbs. They glared like live coals; and, as he moved, his chains rattled. And he came on and on—nearer and nearer to the bed; and then she saw the awful creature had a long tail; and, of course, that made her more frightened than ever, for she felt certain it was the Old Gentleman himself—especially when she saw his feet had claws. So she screamed and shrieked till she raised the house; and the servants came rushing in, and found the poor old lady sitting up in bed, pretty nearly in a swoon; but the ghost had vanished, of course."

"Yes; and what did that dream portend?"

"Ah, nobody can tell that! Some of the servants said they didn't think it was a dream at all."

"Why not?"

"Because they found the big house-dog under the old lady's bed."

"Oh! for shame, Anne, to make such a fool of one!"

"My dear cousin, it is a true dream; of that I am certain! But, come; it is high time we thought of going to the shooting ground."

And, with a merry laugh, she took Agatha's arm, and they proceeded together to their bed chamber, to don a fitting dress for so important an occasion.

* * * * *

The old German chronicler relates Agatha's dream, and the aunt's ghost story, with great gravity, declaring, in a copious note, that they are absolutely necessary for a full and proper comprehension of the legend; so we translate it freely for the benefit of our readers, although we hardly see what it has to do with the casting of the charmed bullets, and the consequences that arose from that act of profanity.

* * * * *

The *denouement* of our legendary tale is at hand; and here our old German scribe enters into a vast lot of particulars concerning the dress and accoutrements that were worn by Prince Ottocar and the courtiers and attendants, who on this last day honored the shooting ground with their presence. He also introduces an immense quantity of dialogue, showing how Caspar gave Rodolph four of the seven magic bullets, and how the latter, having fired off three of them with amazing success, was requested by the Prince, as a final proof of skill, to take aim at a certain white dove, which was sitting, at a very considerable distance, on the branch of a tree. He next goes on to relate how Rodolph fired his fourth and last bullet, which, instead of hitting and killing the dove, struck and killed Caspar, although he was standing quite out of the line of fire. He then proceeds to explain that the dying man confessed that, having fired his three balls away early in the morning, he fully expected the fiend under whose especial auspices they were cast would guide the other to the heart of poor Rodolph's intended bride; indeed, his infernal majesty had made a private bargain with him to that effect, but that the bullet—finding the young lady's head protected by a consecrated wreath of roses which had been blessed by a holy hermit—of course turned aside, and was directed by the fiend to go and kill Caspar himself.

And thus poetical justice was done to all parties, and everybody who deserved it was made supremely happy.

The recital of this termination occupies no less than twenty-seven pages of the original MS., and we think that we exercise a wise discretion in merely giving an abridgement of it.

SCENE IN A GRAVEYARD.—Wife—"Ah, husband, do you see this beautiful capping? How delicately cut is the pure white stone!" "Yes, very pretty." Wife—"But, William, have you no taste for art? You don't enjoy these things as I do. Just notice this slender column of immaculate marble, with the touching question so beautifully carved, 'Do they miss me at home?'" "Yes, I see; and here is her name on the foot-stone—G. A. B. Yes, I guess they miss her, if that was her name." And there came a silence.

THERE are men who, to show that we are wrong in not esteeming them more highly, never fail to bring forward the names of those persons of quality who think well of them. To these the best answer is: "Show us the merit by which you have gained their esteem, and we will esteem you as they do."

THERE is but one university in life, and that is where the heart is educated.

MY LOVE.

BY WALTER BEDWIN.

What is my love like? Ask the birds,
That pause in their carols to catch the sound
Of the music that lurks in her merest words,
When she calls to her pets in the woods around.

Bright as the stars are my love's blue eyes,
Glistening white are her snowy teeth;
And over her golden hair there lies
The radiant glow of a sunlight wreath.

What is my love like? Ask the rose,
When decked with diamond dew-drops rare;
For, when the tear of sympathy flows,
To no other thing can her cheeks compare.

Light as a fairy her footsteps fall;
Sweet is her breath as the violet's scent;
White as the lily her hands so small,
Bees to her lips his on plunder bent.

What is my love like? Oft you've seen
The winged fair ones in the realms above,
By artists painted with shining sheen:
Such, then, incarnate, is my sweet love.

NERVOUS PEOPLE.

BY ANNA RITCHIE.

Nerves—weak nerves—excitable nerves—unstrung nerves—what an absurdity they appear to granite minds and iron frames! Muscles, bones, and sinews are hard realities;—but nerves have only a vapory and unsubstantial existence in the estimation of men and women of nerve. Very paradoxical in sound, but not less veritable! You remind them that through these delicate conductors the sovereign brain transmits its will to the subject body, and they gravely admit that nerves are actually the fine, intangible media of this vital communion;—but try to convince them that the disturbance of the electric current conveyed through the channel of the nerves produces that painful condition styled nervousness, and they start back to their former sceptical standpoint, and maintain that nerves are imaginary nuisances, and that nervousness is merely the fanciful, hypochondriacal state to which feeble intellects are prone. Consequently, all phases of nervousness excite in these incarnate unbelievers—impatience, ridicule, or anger.

A friend once remarked to us, with a sigh, "It is a terrible epoch in our lives when we first discover that we have nerves! But who treats us more tenderly on account of the sad revelation? If our hearts, lungs, brains, were out of order, we should receive a fabulous amount of compassion—but only nerves—nonsense! *their* ailment is visionary." Yet one might as well expect to produce sweet sounds from a harp with loosened strings as to evoke the true music of life from a frame with nerves unstrung. Mrs. Wilton starts, turns pale, and trembles at a certain sound; or is seized with such a spasm of terror at some supposed danger, that she quivers from head to foot; or is so completely overpowered by some temporary responsibility, that she wholly loses her presence of mind; or is so much agitated by finding herself in an unexpected crowd, that she cannot collect her thoughts to reply coherently to a simple question; all the sympathy she receives from people whose insensibility has gifted them with a large amount of *social aplomb*, is conveyed in the half contemptuous ejaculations, "Poor thing! She is so nervous! How silly!" Not one of these stolid individuals make the humane reflection, "How wretchedly uncomfortable she must feel!" Not one of them pityingly asks, "What great shock, or what accumulated troubles, convulsing or wearing upon her nerves, have rendered them so sensitive?"

And yet a high degree of habitual nervousness can almost always be traced to the nerve-shattering of some heavy blow—or the unnerving strain of protracted anxiety—or the exhaustion of long-continued ill-health; or, indeed, of many mental excitements to which we are all liable at any moment.

SPEAK OUT.

Don't practice prevarication or circumlocution, young friends. It may be true of language, as judged by the dictionary, and as charged upon it by a famous satirical writer, that it was seemingly invented to hide thought, instead of expressing it. To this purpose the "ifs" and "ands," the "perhapses," &c., are very frequently put. But we warn you the more earnestly against their prevaricating use, if you are desirous of maintaining your self-respect and personal dignity.

No, no; never prevaricate. If a question is asked you, answer promptly and squarely or decline answering altogether. And the latter course it is your privilege to take, if an improper question is put to you, from idle curiosity, or some worse motive. There is nothing more attractive in young people than frankness of bearing—frankness of look as well as of speech—an open countenance and a truthful tongue—an eye that never winks beneath the burden of a falsehood—a lip that refuses to let a lie pass over it.

There are no words in our language more valuable than the little monosyllables, "yes" and "no." There is no prevarication in them, when properly uttered. But when they are drawled out into "ye-e-s," and "no-o-o," then they become words of prevarication. Out with them, in a clear ring of the voice, when you speak them. Only so will you do justice to your native sense of propriety; only so can you be contented with yourself; only so can you be truly happy! There is nothing so safe in the long run, and surely nothing more beautiful, than truth—truth frankly spoken. Therefore, speak out!

Mr. Diffident's Speech.

Ladies and gentlemen—I beg pardon—(Laughter). Mr. Chairman, ladies—ladies and gentlemen (Cheers). In returning—in rising to return, ladies and gentlemen—in returning my sincere thanks for the great and distinguished, though merited—(laughter)—*unmerited*—(cheers) honor you have—I have just—just conferred (laughter and cheers)—permit me to say that I—I beg to assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that nothing I can say on the present occasion can sufficiently express my—your sense of my kindness (loud applause and laughter)—will kindle almost—I can assure you, ladies and gentlemen, this is—this the happiest moment of my life (renewed applause)—and in—in returning—returning from the bottom of my heart—(cheers). It is perhaps unnecessary—unnecessary to say *anything*—(cries of "go on")—and I trust I have said nothing (laughter)—nothing on the present occasion that—but I'll not detain you, ladies and gentlemen ("yes, yes, go on")—by saying that—having said more than I intended to say on the present occasion ("hear, hear")—I can only say that—that, in returning my sincere thanks, I—I—I beg most sincerely to thank you. (The speaker, on resuming his seat, was rewarded with several rounds of applause.)

MANY ways of happiness have been discovered, but all agree there is none so pleasant as loving and being loved.

FACETIÆ

QUEER KIND OF LOVE.—A neuralgic affection.

THE BEST THROW AT DICE.—Is to throw them away.

WANTED.—A life-boat that will float on a "sea of troubles."

NEVER DID IT.—I went into a bookstore, the other day, for the purpose of procuring a copy of Christopher North's *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. The first person I encountered was a red-haired clerk, to whom I said:

"Have you *Noctes Ambrosianæ*?"

"Wh-wh-wh-what d'you say?" he asked, with mouth and eyes wide open.

"I called to ascertain if you have *Noctes Ambrosianæ*."

"I don't know exactly—that is, I don't under—knocked his—what d'you say?"

"I say that I understood that you had *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. If you haven't, why don't you say so at once?"

"I don't know what you mean. I never did such a thing in my life."

"Perhaps you don't understand me. I wish to see if you have *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, Christopher North's *Noctes Ambrosianæ*."

"Oh! he has, has he? He's knocked his what-you-call-it, has he? Well, I don't care a cent, if he has. You've come to the wrong shop. You must be crazy! Your mind seems to be unhinged. You haven't"—breaking off suddenly, and addressing a clerk in the rear of the store—"Say, Bill, here's a feller that's foolin' around here, wantin' to knock somebody. Get a policeman, quick!"

Then I left, and hunted up another emporium of learning.

M. THEODORE DE BANVILLE is credited with a very happy retort by the *Charivari*. It appears that he was being bored the other evening, at a party, by an individual who asked him all sorts of foolish questions.

"Can you tell me, sir," said this person, "how verses are made; for I confess I have never been able to understand?"

"It is very easy, sir."

"Really?"

"Really. You take lines of unequal length, you put rhymes at the end, and talent inside of them."

"Ah!"

A SAILOR'S OPINION OF A COMET.—We were told by a celebrated naval officer the following anecdote. On one of his cruises the sailors saw a comet, and were somewhat surprised and alarmed at its appearance. The hands met, and appointed a committee to wait on the commander to ask his opinion of it. They approached him, and said:

"We want to ask your opinion, your honor."

"Well, my boys, what is it about?"

"We want to inquire about that thing up there."

"Now, before I answer you, let me know what you think of it."

"Well, your honor, we have talked it all over, and we think it is a star sprung a leak."

THE other day, on a Michigan Central train coming east was an old lady who had never traveled a great deal. She wasn't used to the ways of the book-agents, the peanut-boys and the prize-package nuisances who pass through the train every few minutes. When the peanut-boy came along and dropped a big African peanut into her lap she shucked it, opened her mouth, and dropped it down, instead of regarding it with silent contempt, or pitching it out of the window. The book-agent came along and dropped a book into her lap. She said she was "much obleeged," and she carefully locked it up in her valise. The prize-package boy came along and dropped a sample, and she wondered how the road could afford to give away so much. When he returned she had opened it, and was wearing the breastpin and eating the gumdrops. The book agent came back and wanted his book, and before she would give it up she called the conductor to see if it was all right. The peanut boy wanted pay, and she appealed to the passengers. When she understood that he was right, she handed over twenty-five cents, with the remark, "Well, ef I haint all-fired turned round. I wish I'd stayed to hum."

THE CONTRADICTORY COUPLE.—"I do believe," he says, taking his spoon out of his cup, and tossing it on the table, "that of all the obstinate, wrong-headed creatures that ever were born, you are the most so, Charlotte."

"Certainly, certainly; have your own way, pray. You see how much I contradict you," rejoined the lady.

"Of course you didn't contradict me at dinner time; oh, no, not you!" says the gentleman.

"Yes, I did," says the lady.

"Oh, you did!" cried the gentleman, "you admit that?"

"If you call that contradiction, I do," the lady answers; "and I say again, Edward, that when I know you are wrong, I will contradict you. I am not your slave."

"Not my slave!" repeats the gentleman, bitterly; "and you still mean to say that in Blackburn's new house there are no more than fourteen doors, including the wine-cellar?"

"I mean to say," retorts the lady, beating time with the palm of her hand, "that in the house there are just fourteen doors, and no more."

"Well, then," says the gentleman, rising in despair, and pacing the room with rapid strides, "this is enough to destroy any man's intellect and drive him mad!"

By and by the gentleman comes to a little, and passing his hand moodily over his forehead, resents himself in his former chair. There is a long silence, and this time the lady begins.

"I appeal to Mr. Jenkins, who sat next to me on the sofa, in the drawing-room, during tea."

"Morgan, you surely mean," interrupts the gentleman.

"I do not mean anything of the kind," answered the lady.

"Now, by all that is aggravating and impossible to bear!" cried the gentleman, clenching his hands and looking upward in agony, "she is going to insist upon it that Morgan is Jenkins!"

"Do you take me for a perfect fool?" exclaims the lady. "Do you suppose I don't know the one from the other? Do you suppose I don't know the man in the blue coat was Mr. Jenkins?"

"Jenkins with a blue coat!" cries the gentleman, with a groan. "Jenkins in a blue coat!—a man who would suffer death rather than wear anything but black!"

"Do you dare charge me with telling an untruth?" demands the lady, bursting into tears.

"I charge you, ma'am," retorts the gentleman, starting up, "with being a monster of contradiction—a monster of aggravation—a—n—a—Jenkins in a blue coat! what have I done that I should be doomed to hear such statements?"

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

Her pale white bells in beauty show,
Chaste, pure, and sweet as unnamed snow,
And tender leaves of purest green
Enshroud the modest valley-queen.

Oh, lily fair, Oh, lily sweet,
The flower the Saviour deemed it meet
To single out for praise divine,
Thou dost not—as do others—shine

In regal courts, in fashion's maze,
But shrinkest from all worldly gaze,
And art content obscure to dwell,
To bloom and fade in humble dell.

Thus doth a spirit lowly, meek,
No lisp praise of men o'er seek,
But frees all pure from earthly leaven,
Content to please the eye of Heaven.

A BAD HABIT.

BY HENRY M. ANDERSON.

"Indeed, Walter, you are doing very wrong to delay so much in your business," said Mrs. Applegate to her husband, one morning as they sat later than usual over the breakfast table.

"I know it's a bad habit, my dear," said Mr. Applegate, "but, then, it doesn't hurt any one but myself, and I can afford it."

"You can afford it, Walter?" exclaimed his wife, in astonishment. "How you talk this morning! Surely you do not know what you are saying."

"I assure you I do," said her husband, laughing. "I am perfectly wide-awake and I know what I am saying."

"Indeed, you are doing wrong," persisted his wife. "You promised to meet Mr. Gay at your office this morning at nine o'clock, and if you do not start at once you will not be able to get there in time."

"Well, then, Mr. Gay can wait for a few minutes," said her husband, balancing his spoon on the rim of his coffee-cup, and looking at her with a smile. "He can afford to wait a while for me, as the matter he wished to arrange to-day is entirely to his advantage."

"Still it is wrong to make him wait if you can avoid it. He has his business to attend to, and after all may not have as much time to spare as you think he has. Besides this, if you delay too much in your business affairs, you will lose the confidence of your friends, and you will be sure to suffer by it."

"You ought to have been a man, Jennie," said her husband, laughing. "You would have made a splendid merchant. However, to please you I'll go down at once."

So saying, Mr. Applegate rose from the table, and in a few minutes was on his way to his place of business. But he did not reach it promptly. Meeting a friend in the street, he stopped to talk with him on some unimportant matter; and when he started again for his office it was nearly half-past nine. He reached his place of business three quarters of an hour later than he had promised to be there, and found Mr. Gay waiting for him with great impatience.

"Good morning, Mr. Gay," he said, as he entered. "I hope I have not kept you waiting."

"I am sorry to say you have," replied Mr. Gay. "I have a great deal before me to-day, and cannot well afford to lose a moment."

Mr. Applegate's conscience smote him, but he said, lightly, "Really, I am sorry, but I could not help it. I was detained on my way longer than I had anticipated."

The business between them was soon transacted; and Mr. Gay took his departure with a very poor opinion of Mr. Applegate's habits of punctuality, which trait is, after all, in a merchant, a cardinal virtue.

Mr. Applegate was a young man, and had not long been in business for himself; but he had been more than usually successful in his transactions, and had fairly laid a foundation for what promised to be a lucrative and extensive business. He had one great fault to contend against, however. He was extremely careless and was apt to delay too much. He took but little trouble on interest, and was too neglectful, even of matters of importance. It was his principle never to do to-day what can be done as well to-morrow; and the habits which he had formed in his early youth grew upon him every year. His wife remonstrated with him frequently, but to no effect. Mr. Applegate had not yet seen the evil of his way, and was too careless to attempt to change it. He had not experienced any inconvenience from it, and he laughed at his wife's fears as the effect of her inexperience and over-caution.

It was not long after the occurrence related above, that Mr. Applegate had occasion to see the justice and force of his wife's views.

In the course of his business an opportunity was presented to him of making an unusual speculation. A lot of goods were offered for sale at a low figure to any one who would take them all at cash payment. The sum demanded was a large one for him to raise in twenty-four hours, the time given him; but one that he could have raised in a week or ten days without much inconvenience. Still the transaction seemed to offer so many advantages that he determined to make the effort.

Among his friends was a merchant of great prominence, who had taken a decided interest in Mr. Applegate at the beginning of that gentleman's career, and had frequently offered to assist him if it should ever be in his power to do so. Hitherto the young merchant had refrained from asking any assistance from Mr. King, as his friend was named; but now he determined to avail himself of his friend's offer. He accordingly called upon Mr. King, and, after laying the matter before him, asked him to lend him the amount for ten days.

"I am perfectly willing to lend the amount," said Mr. King, "if you are sure of returning it within the time named. I think you have an opportunity of making a handsome speculation in this matter; but I would like to have the money again by the twentieth, as I have a heavy bill to meet on the twenty-second."

Mr. Applegate assured him there would be no difficulty in the matter, and added that it was probable that he might be able to pay the money before the expiration of the ten days.

Thus the matter was settled. Mr. Applegate received the amount he needed, made his purchase, and congratulated himself upon the extraordinary good luck that had befallen him. When he told his wife of it, she urged him to at once set about collecting the money to repay the loan.

"Oh, there is time enough for that, Jennie," he said, good-humoredly. "I have only to lay my hand on the money. There is no difficulty to be experienced."

This did not satisfy his wife, who gave him no rest until he had deposited the sum in the bank, ready to be paid out on the appointed day.

The nineteenth of the month came at last, and as Mr. Applegate was sitting in his office in the morning a friend came in and asked him to go that afternoon a few miles into the country on a fishing expedition. They would return after nightfall. Being very fond of the sport, Mr. Applegate at once consented. As he left his office for the excursion, he thought of the money he had to pay the next day, and his better judgment told him it would be as well to send Mr. King the cheque for it that day; but as he was pressed for time, he decided to put it off until the next day.

The fishing was unusually good, and a pleasant day was spent. Mr. Applegate and his friend were so well pleased that they determined to spend the night there, and try the sport again the next morning. Mr. Applegate's conscience reproached him as he made this decision, for he remembered that he had promised to repay the borrowed money the next day. He quieted the inward monitor, however, with the thought that Mr. King would not be inconvenienced if he did not pay the money until the twenty-first of the month. That gentleman's bill did not fall due until the twenty-second, and the amount he owed him was all ready in the bank to be drawn out. He felt so little satisfied with himself, however, that he determined the next day to spend only a few hours in fishing, and to take the twelve o'clock train, which would enable him to reach New York before banking hours were over, and fulfill his promise. He did take the train; but, soon after leaving the station, the locomotive broke down, and they did not reach New York until nearly dark.

The next morning he hastened to Mr. King with the check for the borrowed money. Mr. King received him very coldly.

"I have come to repay the money I borrowed from you," he said to his friend. "As your bill is not due until to-morrow, I hope the delay will not cause you any trouble."

As he spoke, he laid the check on the merchant's desk.

"No," said Mr. King; "it will not inconvenience me in the least; but I am inclined to believe that it will do you harm."

"Why?" said Mr. Applegate in great surprise.

"Because," replied his friend, "I have determined never to lend to you again. I know the cause of your delay in this matter, and cannot afford to risk my money by putting it in the hands of one who shows so little regard for his commercial obligations. Believe me, Mr. Applegate, you will end in utter ruin if you continue in this bad habit of yours."

Mr. Applegate left the counting-house in silence, heartily ashamed of himself. He felt that he was justly rebuked, and he deeply regretted having lost the good opinion of such a man as Mr. King.

When he went home that night, he told his wife all that had happened, and promised her to try and do better in the future. The next morning he saw Mr. King, and made him the same promise.

He kept his word; and though it was a hard struggle, he succeeded finally in conquering his bad habit, and in after years was known as one of the most trusty and punctual merchants in New York. The result was that Mr. Applegate died a rich man.

AN OLD MAID'S VIEWS.

BY F. A. N.

It always astonishes me when I take a realizing sense of the fact that I am an old maid! Why, you will scarcely believe it when I confess that I once had lovers by the legion, and offers were as numerous as flirtations are now-a-days. I was always in lure. I don't remember the time when I had not some Willie or Frank to dream about and write love-letters to; and as I donned my long dresses, some handsome Charles Augustus was sure to keep my thoughts employed until another, with greater fascinations, superseded him. You need not imagine I regret them now. No, indeed! My life is a pleasant one. No one annoys me. No husband flirts with other men's wives or young girls, breaking my heart. No husband calls me "my love" in company and "old brute" at home! He does not growl at milliners' bills or extravagant wardrobes. He never sits looking at me, wishing I were as handsome as Mrs. Norton or Miss James. He does not wish my eyes were as divinely blue and my hair as charmingly golden as Katie's over the way. He never casts sly glances at pretty girls, throwing them kisses when my back is turned. He doesn't marvel how he ever came to marry me, when there were so many handsome women in the world. If I am ill, he is not wondering how mourning would become him, and if he should be obliged to have an expensive funeral. He isn't thinking what a jolly widower he'd make, and how eager Jennie Miller would be to marry him, or how gladly Flora Wilson would lift up her bewitching brown eyes and promise to be his. He does not complacently fondle his mustache before the mirror, and think how every one must pity him, and regret (girls especially) that so handsome a man should be bound to so plain-looking a woman. He isn't watching me continually to see if I fulfill all my duties as a wife.

Thank heaven—no! I am a free woman. I do as I please, go where I please, think, breathe, sneeze, wink, cough, sleep, and eat as I please. Old Mother Hubbard had her dog, Dame Crump had her pig, but I have my cat! An intellectual animal, too—one that has more natural intelligence than many children. Tabby and I enjoy ourselves in a rational manner. She never speaks a cross word; neither do I. Tabby has a quiet temperament, and we never quarrel.

I often hear people exclaim that old maids are always gossips; not so. I don't care if Mary Jane has stolen another girl's beau. I never feel interested in the cost of Susan's new bonnet, or Jennie's silk dresses. I do not wonder that Mrs. Carlton should be extravagant, or Miss Carlton should flirt so much. What do I care? Tabby and I occasionally remark upon the folly and stupidity of certain persons, but we do not mention it out of our own family. My cat is not communicative, neither am I.

Yesterday I met one of my old lovers. Once he praised my eyes, my lips, the beauty of my hair, the freshness of my manners. He professed to love me, but he met a prettier girl and I a gayer young man, and so we parted. He is married now, has a cross, failed wife and seven children. He looks old and weary. I felt sorry for him, but I smiled at my folly in ever wasting one thought upon him.

Would I give up my pleasant life of an old maid? Never! My hair is growing gray, but I don't use the "Hair Restorative." My face has some wrinkles in it, but I don't use the "Bloom of Youth." My fingers are not white, and soft, and dimpled, but I do not bathe them with "cold cream," and wear old kid gloves. I don't tear out my hair with crimpers. I never wear long trails that sweep the ground for half a mile. I don't have to wear eye-glasses and pretend I am near-sighted. I am not under the painful necessity of squeezing my hands in No. 6 gloves, when seven is my number; nor do I pinch my feet in little shoes until existence seems a burden. I do not have to sing Italian ditties in a languishing manner to some sentimental youth in tight pants and waxed mustache. I can look at a gay young man, and he does not flatter himself that I am dying for love of him. I can go to church and listen to the sermon, not caring for the stylish bonnets and handsome dresses of my neighbors. I can enjoy my friends' successes and riches, feeling no envy.

DID SHE NOT REGRET IT?

BY ANNIE M. MASON.

"Well, mother, I doubt not all you say about the many good qualities of Harry Browning. Perhaps he is one in a hundred—brave, honest, and true; but yet he is so plain in appearance, so decidedly wanting in all the graces of person that please, that I am sure I could never make up my mind to marry him, and live a life of quiet, uneventful years in the calm serenity of his society."

And wilful Maud Hamilton made a mock courtesy, and shook her golden head, as she turned again to the piano, to finish the song she had broken off to listen to her mamma's comments on Harry Browning, who had just passed the window, and was one of Mrs. Hamilton's especial favorites.

Maud's voice was sweet and clear as a bell, and won much admiration from her many admirers. After finishing the piece, she struck into a brilliant waltz, and, for ten minutes, was utterly oblivious to the conversation she knew her mother desired to continue, and which she wished, yet did not wish to hear. Finally, tired of playing, she went to the table and took up a book, when one of their most intimate friends, Mrs. Stanley, was ushered into the pleasant sitting-room.

Of course there was no more quiet for a while; and gradually Maud found herself listening with interest to the pleasant, entertaining words that fell from the lips of their visitor, who was a woman of rare mental culture and much knowledge of the world. She had been much in society, and knew that all was not as fair as it sometimes looked to the eyes of the uninitiated.

"I met Mr. Herbert Kingsley as I came here," she said, turning to Maud; and Mrs. Rupert told me that he and Alice had broken off their engagement. I was quite surprised to hear it, and yet I am glad, for I do not think him capable of making a wife happy. He is such a man of society, and so vain of his handsome person, besides being extremely selfish."

"I think she has shown herself very wise and sensible," answered Mrs. Hamilton. "My opinion of him coincides with yours exactly. 'Tis true he is brilliant in company, and of fine appearance, and, at a party or ball, can make himself very agreeable; but his wife will be favored with all the unpleasant pages of his character."

Maud said little, but thought them rather unjust in their estimate, and very much prejudiced. After a little more conversation, Mrs. Stanley took her departure, and left them alone again.

"Well, Maud, you see I was right in my judgment, and I wish you would not accept any more attention from Mr. Herbert."

"But, dear mamma, I like him; he is so handsome and agreeable, and converses so pleasantly. Then, you know, he has money, and a good position; what more could you desire for me? There are plenty of young ladies who would willingly exchange their name for his any hour."

"So there are plenty of foolish ones, Maud, who do not look beneath the surface until too late; and thus mistakes are made that render, in after years, their days one long regret. You know there are many examples of this kind; and so I would fain have my daughter look deeper than mere externals, if she desires happiness."

Mrs. Hamilton was a wise woman, and knew when enough had been said; so she dropped the subject, trusting to Maud's good common sense if her words had been said in season.

Maud went up to her chamber, and, sitting down by the window, thought over what had been discussed below, and, after a long debate in her own mind, concluded that they (her mamma and Mrs. Stanley) must be prejudiced; for she could not see why such little blemishes of character should materially affect one's happiness. She would watch more earnestly, and endeavor to avoid danger.

But her fancy for Herbert Kingsley was deeper than she had imagined; and when, in the pleasant gatherings, they were often thrown together, and more and more, his devotion became evident and marked, Maud forgot the caution, or thought it absurd, and believed that the few faults she perceived could easily be remedied. So she drifted into the bewildering dream that colors all things with the purple haze of beauty; and day by day, Herbert Kingsley's influence grew greater, and Maud would not hear one word against him now. It was useless to reason; she must learn that delusions are the fairy scenes in one's life, but how often, and sometimes too soon, the dream became a painful reality as the years ran on.

Maud knew that Harry Browning was a fine fellow, and a fine favorite with the few that he chose to make his friends. Very plain, and sometimes almost awkward, and wanting in many of those little graceful acts and ways that charm before marriage, but speedily vanish in the practical world of every day, he would make his way in life, while the other would never rise above the position his father's money had left him in.

But you cannot reason girls into wisdom, if they won't be reasoned with. So it was with my heroine. Among her gentlemen acquaintances these two seemed to be more serious than others in their attentions, and, as the days passed on, Herbert Kingsley became more and more a visitor, and gave Maud to understand that he had never been really engaged to Alice Rupert, and had cared too much for her to keep up the affair longer. There had been some arrangement between the older ones, when he and Alice were young, that if they grew up, and cared for each other, they should marry.

Herbert Kingsley soon asked Maud to become his wife, and she consented. She had ceased to think of her mamma's prejudice, and knew she would not refuse what her heart was set upon. Harry Browning's calls had become less and less frequent, as he noticed how much more gracious she was to Kingsley than himself. So kind Mrs. Hamilton ceased to speak of the matter when she saw it was of no use, and, putting her own wishes aside, entered into Maud's arrangements with all the animation possible.

They were married, and then were gone two or three months on a wedding tour, before they settled down to a winter of parties, and gay evenings out. It was exceedingly pleasant for awhile, and Maud thought her mamma's fears entirely unjustifiable. She was very happy, and Herbert had been extremely considerate and kind. To be sure they hadn't spent a half a dozen evenings alone as yet, for visitors had dropped in when they had not been at any gathering, and for quiet, social chat, at least, they had not found much time. It was exceedingly pleasant to go into society, and be admired so much, but by-and-by it began to grow wearisome to Maud; the constant dissipation was tiring her, and she cared less and less for it, and proposed to Herbert to have, now and then, a quiet evening at home. But he was averse to the monotony of home enjoyments, and Maud soon learned that he remained very unwillingly, and was anything but the agreeable companion he was in society. So she ceased to request him, and when tired, or indifferent about going, remained at home, while he was making himself merry at some bachelor entertainment or place of amusement.

Maud perceived that he had faults not so easily broken, and that this butterfly existence was not always going to satisfy her. There were no happy hours together, with music, social chat, the reading of a new book or recent poem; and so she ceased to care for the things that would have made her a better, truer woman.

Ten years passed by. Alice Rupert was married, and to Harry Browning. He was talented, and polished by travel and contact with intelligent minds, in the world where Mrs. Kingsley still reigned, as one of the queens of fashionable society. They often met; she looking as fair as ever, save a slight look of weariness that often crept into her eyes when she sat thinking of the rich possibilities her life once unfolded. Herbert was as much a society man as ever, but rumor said he had run through much of his fortune.

And Maud? Well, don't envy her, for we ask, did she not regret it?

WHITE LIES.—Some slip-shod moralists insist that it is permissible, and, indeed, commendable, to tell fibs in cases where the utterance of the plain truth might give offence or pain. That this doctrine is practically carried out in society we all know. Persons who wish to avoid receiving unwelcome visitors without resorting to a positive rebuff, direct their servants to say they are "not at home." "I am glad to see you," is the greeting with which the man of polished manners meets the bore whose appearance he regards with horror. Invalids past hope of recovery are informed by smiling friends that they are looking better every day. Rash men of business are congratulated on their brilliant prospects by those who know they are on the verge of ruin. In fact, never to utter disagreeable truths, and to deal liberally in agreeable falsehoods, seems to be the accomplishments—negative and positive—most indispensable to individuals who desire to be "perfectly at home in polite society." To such courteous hypocrisy we cannot subscribe. It may sometimes be inexpedient to tell the truth, but never necessary or proper to invent falsehoods for courtesy's sake. Infinite harm is done by what Mrs. Opie has designated as "White Lies." In nine cases out of ten, the plain truth, kindly spoken, is beneficial to those who seek counsel, advice, or any kind of information or aid. In no case is falsehood, however well-intended, really justifiable. When it is deemed unwise to speak the truth, say nothing.

WONDERS OF THE DEEP.—What a beautiful place would be the bed of the ocean, if we could only have opportunity to contemplate its vastness without fear, and with an opportunity to descend without fear to its profound depths, and investigate, at ease, all its mysteries! What a delightful chance, provided the personal safety of the explorer were secured, to spy out the pearly secrets, to gaze on the so-long-hidden gorgeousness of the silent caves and coral palaces, the forests and plains, the mountains and valleys of the submarine world! But the truth is that even if the sea were temporarily exhausted of its billows to accommodate our curiosity, it would be too dangerous, in its thick, deep, unctuous bed, for human footsteps, and would be too fatal to life in its rank exhalations to leave us a hope of adding much to our stock of knowledge as to its marvels. The curled, deep purple leaves of the sea-lettuce, cover, no doubt, the bed of the ocean, and lie deeply intermixed with the large, porous lichens; the many-branched, hollow algæ, full of life and motion in their rosy little bladders, thickly set with ever-moving arms. Seen from a hight, the mass of luxurious vegetation would present the appearance of a gay carpet brilliantly set off with shining ornaments, for, among the leaves, we might just catch a glimpse of the showily-painted molusca, the rainbow tinted fish, the gigantic angong, the siren of the ancients; the shark, with his leaden eyes; the thick-haired sea-leopard, and the lazy turtle. And what a picture it would be!

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IT is said that in Paris, since the Metternich-Montebello duel, before a lady goes to a ball, the husband whispers, nervously, "My dear, pray be civil to Mr. So-and-so;" or, "Eugenie, for Heaven's sake, don't frown at Count Caskowhiski." The ladies, profiting by the circumstance, induce their timid lords to comply with all their wishes. "Henri, if you don't buy me that bonnet, I'll insult M. Trois Etoiles—and he's a dead shot." "Hippolyte, if you don't bring that diamond spray home this evening, I'll call Baron Saussard a fool."

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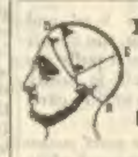
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THE BOUDOIR

OF FASHION, NOTES AND NOVELTIES

(Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.)

Latest notes from abroad, regarding the future of Fashion, promise us many changes. It seems full early to already talk of another season's outfit, but to those initiated it is needless to say autumn wardrobes are already in preparation.

NEW TOILETTES

are conspicuous in many ways for their change; and one is the entire absence of pouf or tournure at the back; instead, the centre of the back is lain in a very wide double or treble box plait, carried quite far down the skirt; each side of this is still another plait, not so wide or carried so far down; and these are intended to include the entire fullness of the skirt. These dress skirts, finished so plainly at the back, are fully trimmed in front and at the sides with puffs, quillings, and bows, and ends disposed here and there, in endless profusion.

A new bodice is meeting with great favor. It is called

THE CUIRASSE.

A near description will be, perhaps, a gray silk, with trimmings of blue. The flowers on the skirt were embroidered in blue, and the plain round waist of gray silk was in puffs across the front, and over this was worn the *cuirasse*. This is cut Pompadour, and falls in quite a deep tunic in front, is fastened in the back, and was embroidered with gray and trimmed with gray and blue fringe. The sleeves were of gray, with a deep embroidered cuff of blue, and puffs of blue at the shoulders. For a tall body, with narrow, sloping shoulders, this is one of the most stylish novelties of the season.

EVENING DRESSES,

intended for later wear, are made with charming simplicity. Often there is no trimming upon the back, it being cut in a square train, and a mere tablier of fluted ruffles on the front.

White and the most delicate shades of rose, blue, mauve, and canary are the popular colors, and these are made of the most diaphanous materials.

If silk, the ruffles are usually alternately white muslin and lace, crossed with bands of the silk, and bows of the same shade down either side.

PLAITED BASQUES,

for misses and young ladies, are gaining in favor, and some we have seen in pretty light shades of summer silk, made up with piping, etc., of contrasting color of silk, are very pretty. The plaits are an inch wide, turned towards the centre, and under the edge of each plait is a mere edge of the contrasting color of silk.

BARGAINS,

of every description, as a consequence of the near approach of autumnal openings, are offered freely on every hand, and some of them are really desirable. Among these may be noticed sacques in the soft wood and earth colors now so popular. They are in good material, lady's cloth, of desirable cut and finish, and prettily embroidered with self color and white, and the price merely nominal, $3.50. These sacques are sufficiently grave and heavy for carriage wraps now, and will do admirably for house sacques for the winter.

NEW WRAPS

seem to divide favor between the dolman and mantilla, and we feel quite safe in saying to those who cannot be brought to look upon the loose mantilla with favor, that both will be equally warm. For present wear the latest sacques are made of alternate rows of beaded guipure and iron grenadine puffs; and there is an inserting of grenadine, studded with jets, which form an elegant trimming for a jacket of silk. This inserting of grenadine is among the latest importations, and will hardly rank, except as a fresh novelty, during the present season.

NEW FABRICS,

we are informed, will be in stripes of all sizes, from the hair to four inches in width. And dresses will be formed so that some parts will be plain, showing the entire stripes; while other parts will be formed of one stripe; others of another, and in this way each dress will form three distinct parts.

APRONS

are again considered a necessary accessory; and some pretty, tasty affairs, that can be easily made at home, are formed in this wise: material, white linen or pique, gored at the sides, and straight across the bottom. Pretty French stripes of pink and black, or any color one chooses, border the apron and form the pocket. A side plaiting, the plaits just the width of the stripe, borders the bottom, and forms a neat, pretty apron.

LACE TIES,

for the neck, are formed of pink, blue, buff, or mauve tulle; the ends are finished with a hem and fringe, and one end is caught on the left shoulder with a bouquet of flowers.

THE SOLITAIRE GLOVE BUTTON

is a really convenient novelty. One often gets gloves too tight to button across the palm; this button has a shank that passes through the button-hole and hooks over the button, thus covering the space. They are made of French gilt or silver.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MABEL. The closer to the head and more compact the hair is worn, the nearer in fashion. All extra braids and puffs are done away with; and the braid is neatly coiled on the head, with waves or tiny curls on the forehead.

F. S. S. You can get a lace scarf, something good, for $5 to $9. Lace and white chip hats are most worn. The latest style which meets with favor is a low, drooping brim, square in front, and turned up to the crown at the sides and back. White hawthorn blossoms and black velvet trim such a hat prettily.

MRS. R. P. Get blue flannel sailor suit for your little boy of five at the sea-shore; they cost from $5 to $7; a sailor hat of brown or white straw; those tarpaulin hats are too heavy. Linen Ulster coats, with broad cuffs and collar, are the latest wrap for travelling; they have the broad belt, and are long and straight.

ALICE ETHEL.

HE only is the true poet who strives earnestly to enact his highest, best thoughts; this is his hardest task, and only as he stedfastly labors for its fulfillment is he worthy of his sacred name.

SOME men are so far-sighted, they look through and beyond objects, and protest they exist not.

THE AMATORY FISH.

It nearly makes me shiver,
Yet now and then I wish
That Love were like a river
And I were like a fish;—
To glide below the ripple,
Amidst my finny tribe,
And seek no other tipple
Than water to imbibe.

A fish, however tiny—
A minnow or a smelt—
Must feel its day as shiny
As day was ever felt.
And, free of molestation,
By night it calmly sleeps;
Or, wrapped in contemplation,
Its lonely vigil keeps.

No angler should allure me
By piscatory skill,
Nor on a hook secure me
With perforated gill.
The only earthly reason
To tempt me up on high,
Would be a wish to seize on
The unsuspicious fly.

And Love would be around me,
Beneath me and above.
When anybody found me,
He'd find me still in love.
Although it makes me shiver,
I can't give up the wish
That Love were like a river,
And I were like a fish.

ENCOUNTER WITH GORILLAS.

BY W. F. ST. AUBYN.

During my sporting travels in Africa, attended by three native "guides," we on one occasion got upon the track of two female elephants, and captured them both; and the capture came very near costing us dearly. We had killed one of them without much trouble, and had fired half a dozen balls into the second one, when she charged upon us unexpectedly, overturning my guides, and trampling down the horses which they rode; but, by a seeming miracle, no one was injured. It was the elephant's last paroxysm; and, in less than five minutes from that time, she pitched forward upon her knees, striking her head upon the earth, and breaking one of her tusks off close up to the jaw. It so happened that the tusk was not a very valuable one; and, moreover, the break did not injure it to the amount of more than half a dozen pounds of ivory.

On the following morning we marched on to the northward. The guides said that two days, or three at the farthest, would bring us to the best hunting country in the world; and I think they were not far from right. At all events, on the fourth afternoon, we pitched our camp in one of the most beautiful forest vales I ever saw. On the east and south the trees were of huge proportions, stretching their dark foliage away over hill and dale, and giving shade to many a level plain; while to the northward and westward, a chain of mountains lifted their craggy summits far up against the sky. Buffaloes, and zebras, and antelopes, of various kinds, roamed through the deep solitudes, and the spoor of elephants was to be found on every hand. One of the guides brought down a fat buffalo, while the rest of us were placing the waggons, and he soon gave some of the best steak for supper that I ever eat.

The next morning, just as the sun was breaking in upon the cool mists that hung over the forest, a guide came to me with the information that a herd of elephants were making away from a fountain not half a mile off. Without stopping for breakfast, further than to eat a bit of cold bread and meat, we took the saddle, and set forth. We found the elephants, and, for two or three hours, we had a merry time of it. We killed two very fair bulls, and seriously wounded two more. Toward the close of the day, the chief guide and I found ourselves separated from our companions, and we were just thinking of hunting them up, when a colossal old bull elephant broke cover close by us. He was one of those we had wounded in the early part of the day, and he was tearing away like mad. As soon as we saw him, we gave chase, loading and firing upon the fly. The old fellow did not once turn upon us, but sped away in a panic of terror, and, in about two hours, we brought him down.

It was now fairly dark, and we resolved to make our beds where we were sheltering ourselves under the lee of the dead elephant. Somewhere about midnight, the chief guide woke me up, and informed me that some of our companions were hunting for us. He said he had seen one of them walking across the path to our right. We both got up, and went in that direction, but could find nothing of any of our folks. We had gone back, and I was just sinking into a doze again, when a footstep, close by my head, aroused me, and, upon starting to a sitting-posture, I plainly saw what I took to be a man walking towards the woods. I spoke to him—I called a second time—and he quickened his step, and soon disappeared. The guide had been up and seen the disappearing object, and he agreed with me that it could not be any of our people.

"It must be," said he, "some native that belongs to this district. If there is a party of them here, we'll hunt them up in the morning."

The thought that there might be a party of savages near unto us disturbed my rest somewhat for the remainder of the night; and, so soon as the first dawn of the day broke the gloom of the forest, I was upon my feet. The guide was very soon by my side; and, having taken a careful survey of the ground around us, and found all right, we sat down, and ate up the last of our bread and meat; and, when the meal had been disposed of, we shouldered our double-barrelled rifles, and struck off into the woods in the direction which had been taken by the disappearing person of the previous night. Within a hundred yards of the place where our elephant lay, we found a rivulet of pure water, which went murmuring musically along over a bed of dark red sand. We bathed our heads and faces in the limpid stream, and then sat down upon the grassy bank to rest. The guide was telling me a long story, when we were startled by a sharp, loud cry close at hand. It was a cry different from any I had ever before heard, and so strangely terrific, that I leaped to my feet as though a thunderbolt had burst upon me. An exclamation of terror from the guide, and a wave of his hand, indicated to me the direction of the author of the cry we had heard; and, upon looking that way, I beheld a scene that quickened the pulsations of my heart most emphatically.

Not more than twenty yards from us, upon the opposite side of the stream, stood two monster anthropoids. I quickly determined that they were a male and a female. The guide, as he started back for his rifle, called them chimpanzees; but I knew better than that. The male, as he stood, was at least six feet high, and no chimpanzee ever approached that stature. And, moreover, this animal possessed a muscular development the most powerful I had ever conceived of. The head was broad and low, the brain-cavity being almost entirely behind the face, instead of above it, as in man; the ears were small; the mouth exceedingly large, with thin, hard lips; the chin small and receding, with the muzzle very prominent. The whole face was wrinkled and black, and its expression the most repulsive and forbidding that can be conceived of. The chest was massive and capacious; the shoulders broad and heavy; the stomach very prominent; and the limbs a solid mass of bone, muscle, and sinew. The arms were not so long as those of the orang, but longer than those of the chimpanzee. The body was mostly covered with short, coarse hair, of a dirty, blackish-grey color; the female being almost black.

"It is not a chimpanzee," I said, as I moved back to the tree where my rifle stood. "There is but one family in the world to which these monsters can belong. I have, until now, doubted the existence of that colossal anthropoid tribe; but I can doubt it no longer—they must be gorillas!"

"By heavens!" cried the guide, grasping his rifle, and bringing it up ready for use, "you are right, Colonel."

I knew I was right. The animals before us were surely gorillas, and more terrible-looking monsters I never saw. When the male found that he had attracted our attention, he gave utterance to a deep, guttural cry; then he beat his breast tremendously with both his hands; and directly his cry arose in volume until it became a roar that made the very forest quake. I trembled—I could not help it; and I saw that the guide trembled, too. The female sat down, supporting herself upon her hands and haunches, in such a position that she could leap at an instant's notice; while the male remained standing erect, continuing to roar and beat his breast.

The guide asked me if we should fire. I did not know what to answer. I knew that if we fired and missed our mark, we were dead men. If we did not fire, the gorillas might leave us. And yet I wanted the skeleton and skin of the remarkable brute. However, our deliberations were very quickly and summarily brought to an end. The male suddenly gave a terrific cry—a cry like the concentrated war-whoop of a thousand savages—and made a bound towards us. The sense of mortal danger instantly gave the tone of steel to my nerves, and my rifle came to my shoulder quickly and firmly. We both fired together, but the gorilla was not killed. He leaped the narrow stream with a yell more terrific than the first, and in an instant more he grasped the guide's rifle, and bent the steel barrels as though they had been of the softest lead. This moment was our last if my second barrel failed me. The gorilla had thrown down the bended rifle, and another demoniac yell was upon his lips, when I brought the muzzle of my piece close to his head, and pulled the second trigger. There was a momentary faintness over my heart, and great drops of perspiration started out upon my brow, as the thought of failure flashed across my mind. But my rifle answered faithfully to the touch of my finger, and the gorilla tumbled over with a bullet through his head.

The guide lay upon the ground, where he had fallen in the attempt to escape from the monster; and I saw that he was, for the present, powerless to help me. What should I do if the female gorilla attacked us? Both barrels of my rifle were empty, and my pistols would be but poor things against such an enemy.

But, most fortunately, her grim ladyship did not offer to avenge the death of her lord. I think the reports of our rifles, with the flash and the smoke, frightened her. At all events, she uttered a succession of sharp, yelping cries, and made off into the forest, using her hands to assist in locomotion, and leaping forward between them with a swinging motion.

My first care, after the departure of the female gorilla, was to reload my rifle; and after this I attended to the guide. I found him weak and faint; but a few swallows of brandy soon revived him, and in a short time his pulses were restored to their healthy beat. Let it not be thought from this that my faithful guide was faint-hearted. If some brave man wishes to experience what the faintness of utter terror is, let him find himself disarmed before a wounded, maddened, full-grown male gorilla. If he does not in that moment feel what it is to be stricken with mortal terror, then I should most unhesitatingly decide that he had no nerves and no heart.

When we came to examine the frame of the dead monster, we found it more wondrously developed in muscle and sinew than we had at first thought. The arm of the most powerful man I ever saw would have been as the arm of a nursing infant in comparison with the arm of that gorilla. There was no appearance of any wrist, the tendinous muscles continuing their knotty swelling to the ball of the thumb. The jaws were like a vice in their power, and I have no doubt of the truth of the statement that the gorilla can crush the barrel of an ordinary musket between his teeth; and from the manner in which the present monster bent up the double barrel of the guide's rifle, I can easily believe that a tree even, four inches in diameter, could have been readily broken by him.

By some of the natives of Western Africa, where the animals are mostly found, the gorilla is regarded with superstitious dread. They believe the horrible body to be inhabited by the spirit of some wicked man, which is thus cursed by heaven on account of bad deeds done while in the human form. Such natives believe that the killing of a gorilla amounts to nothing in the way of exterminating the monsters, as the accursed spirit will quickly find another body of like character. And, furthermore, they think that these gorillas which have been once slain are those which do the most mischief against man. Others have a different belief; and when a gorilla is slain they make a great jubilee over the event; and some of the bones of the dead monster, particularly the skull, are used as charms.

OUR OWN LITTLENESS.—Astronomy is the most humbling of all sciences. Its very essence is humiliation for the proud thoughts of vain man. In other sciences, the more we know, the greater we pride ourselves—the higher seems to rise our place in creation. But in astronomy advancing knowledge is but an increasing revelation of the vastness of the surrounding universe and of the mighty existences forever circling in shining courses through space, compared with which earth is but as a tiny pebble among the boulders of the seashore. And if this be the case of earth, then what is man, her puny denizen, but as a mere dust-grain in the universe—his presence or absence alike unnoted and uncared for, by the host of vast worlds ever rolling through space in their shining, circling courses? The astronomer of the present day must echo the thought of the inspired singer of Israel, who had often watched by night on the hills of Judea, as, contrasting our littleness with the greatness of Jehovah's care, he then exclaimed, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained—what is man, that thou art mindful of *him!*"

DAINTIES FOR THE DINNER-TABLE.

In most countries there is something to be learnt; some peculiar dish which will reward investigation. Never shall we forget our first and last acquaintance with that northernest and nastiest of foods called stock-fische.

We had arrived at a sæter's hut far away in the Arctic regions of Norwny, hungry as starved wolves, and lo! one set before us what looked and felt like a large splinter of pine wood. As we raised it to our lips, however, we became fully aware by the perfume, which can only be described as noisome, that it consisted of animal matter; still, undaunted, we managed to bite off a portion; at first, it seemed tasteless, but, as it became slowly reduced by actively working jaws, such a sickening flavor unfolded itself that in horror and amazement we fled from the food and the hut that could harbor it.

Our feeling, on first tasting the plum-soup of Norway, served at the commencement of dinner, was one of indignant surprise, not much inferior to that of the bucolic gentleman who bit into an olive under the impression that it was a preserved green-gage; and, though it is not in itself absolutely nauseous, we confess we could never abide it. There is, however, one excellent dish which the Norwegian traveler meets with at every little inn. It is called "carbonado," and consists of minced meat, eggs, and fine herbs, made up into a kind of cake, and then fried or baked. The meat, if cooked in a usual way, would defy mastication, but thus treated it is a dainty plate. Equally common at the post-stations is salmon, dried and prepared in some sublime manner, far superior to the kippered salmon of commerce, and eaten raw in the thinnest possible slices.

Having arrived at Rome, let us wander through the market in the early morning and see what manner of things these Romans sell as things edible. Here is a fishmonger's stall. But, oh, what monsters be these! Here are huge misshapen fish, unfamiliar to our eyes, and that look the very quintessence of coarseness and toughness, piles of sea-snails, and most unattractive conchylia, and there, as we live, lie three or four cuttle-fish with long slimy feelers. One thing alone is pleasant to the eye, that brilliant bank of fresh red mullet. Moving on to the poulterer's we see, of course, some poor specimens of skinny fowls; but regard then this heterogeneous crowd of small birds that are hung up by their legs on all sides; here be finches green, gold, and chaf, blackbirds and thrushes, sparrows and robins—choughs and magpies even, for the poorer purchasers; but the rest will be served at noble tables, probably entered in the *menu* as *nauviettes*. Here is suspended a fretful porcupine with all its quills, said to be most excellent. Not far off hangs a dog-fox; let us hope he is meant to be stuffed by a naturalist and not by a *cuisinier*. All these have been brought in by Campagna peasants or keen sportsmen, who deem all creatures game that come within a gun-shot. But enough of the uncooked. Through numerous by-lanes and alleys, none of the cleanest or best-lighted, we make our way to the "Angelito," where dinner has already been ordered. First appear, as *avant-couriers*, caviare, olives, thin slices of ham, and sausage; then a dish to be often dreamt of, macaroni cooked in a sublime manner with truffles: next a spigola, one of those ugly fish we have seen in the market, but now stuffed with an exquisite pudding and served with *sauce bleue aux huitres;* then appear red mullet grilled; but the next dish makes us tremble, for we recognize the snake-like feelers of the cuttle-fish. We overcome the weakness of shrinking humanity and taste. It turns out to be the *tour de force* of the evening. By careful-stewing this strange creature has been reduced to a succulent gelatinous mass, and flavored with all sorts of spices and savory herbs. An interlude follows of truffles on toast. And then a dish of laccia, a small fish not unlike our whitebait, served cold in a preparation, in which oil predominates. Woodcocks and ortolans close the feast. Now that monster aquaria are coming into vogue, why should not the sepia be largely bred, and stewed cuttle-fish become a dainty easily attainable at dinner tables? Nay, even his formidable brother, the octopus, if executed instantaneously by insertion in a pot of boiling water (so that between him and the cook there might be no such terrific encounter as that which Victor Hugo has described,) and then stewed slowly and carefully for hours in a properly-prepared liquor, would probably turn out a delicacy.

With one more experiment we will close these remarks. It is but a few weeks ago that a hamper of twelve fine rats arrived at a certain college-kitchen. They had been killed the day before, on the pulling down of a wheat-sack, so that they had been clean feeders, and they were all plump and comely to look at. The three largest, which were veritable monsters, were selected for roasting, while the rest were to be made into a *fricassee*. A party of six sat down to test their merits. After soup and fish, the head-waiter, with an expression of pity not unmingled with contempt, brought in the roast. Half a rat, which had been carefully wrapt in bacon previous to roasting, was served to each. It was a trying moment but the plunge was taken, and the first mouthful elicited the remarks—"Well, at all events, it's not nasty; no, indeed, it's a great deal better than rabbit; I call it very fair eating." Each man finished his portion, and three or four picked the bones. Then came the *fricassee* with a white sauce; this was exceedingly good, but of course owed as much, if not more, to the art of the *chef*, than to the raw material. The final decision was that rats were not a delicacy, but that they were a wholesome food, and certainly attractive to a hungry, to say nothing of a starving man. The laureate of the party delivered his comments in the following form:

"Rats are not a dainty dish to set before a king,
But for a really hungry man they're just the very thing.
Wrap each rat in bacon fat, roast slow before the fire,
Take him down and serve him brown; you've all you can require."

The last word stood originally *desire*, but was altered by request.

RESIST THE BEGINNINGS.—The Arabs have a fable of a miller, who was one day startled by a camel's nose thrust in the window of the room where he was sleeping. "It is very cold outside," said the camel. "I only want to get my nose in." The nose was let in, then the neck, and finally the whole body. Presently the miller began to be extremely inconvenienced at the ungainly companion he had obtained, in a room certainly not large enough to hold both. "If you are inconvenienced, you may leave," said the camel; "as for myself, I shall stay where I am." The moral of the fable concerns all. When temptation occurs, we must not yield to it. We must not allow so much as its "nose" to come in. Everything like sin is to be turned away from.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU

☞ It is the intention to make this Department an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will necessarily contain many novel, instructive, and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

TO SUBSCRIBERS

☞ For terms and club rates, see page 4.

☞ In ordering, the name and P. O. address should be clearly written. When a change of direction is desired, the *former* as well as the *present* address must be given.

TO CONTRIBUTORS

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Insufficiently stamped MSS. will not be taken out of the P. O. by us. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to pre-pay postage.

Contributors are requested to write on only one side of the sheet, and to avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—The World Cannot Know—Never Despair—A Narrow Escape—Madeline's Lover—A Last—Fighting the Tiger—Tom Arnold's Luck—A Struggle for Life.

TO GENERAL CORRESPONDENTS

A. W. E. For clearing the voice for singing, nothing is better than a lemon sliced in brown sugar, or a mixture of lemon-juice and honey.

BOOK KEEPER, (Avoca.) Send us your real name and address, and we will write you by mail, in answer to your inquiries.

BELAH. The words printed in italics in the Bible are those introduced by the translators, for the purpose of helping out their meaning, and are not to be found in the original Hebrew or Greek.

J. M. S. The Comet that is at present visible, and said to be approaching the earth, was discovered by a M. Coggins, and will, therefore, we suppose, be known by the unpoetical name of "Coggins Comet." It was first seen at Marseilles, France, on April 17th.

UNHAPPY WIFE. We feel sorry for you, and wish we could say anything that would be of any service; but if you do not know how to manage your own husband, we are very sure that no one who is a perfect stranger to you both can advise you on the point.

IS DOUBT. As a rule, the wife ought to be younger than the husband; but, if there be a really deep and sincere attachment between you, we do not see any reason in the world why you should sacrifice your happiness simply for the reason that the lady is three years your senior!

METHODIST. The first regular Camp Meeting that was ever held in the United States was in 1799, on the banks of Red River, in Kentucky. Two brothers, by the name of McKee, originated the meeting, at which the services were conducted by Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodists.

CELIA H. Prepared chalk and powdered charcoal are the two simplest tooth-powders that we know of, and you can get them at any drug store. To sweeten the breath, nothing is better than a solution of chlorinated soda, of which from six to ten drops must be taken in a wine-glass of water every morning before breakfast.

LADY ISABEL. In order to "improve your complexion and bring a bloom to your cheeks," throw away all your cosmetics and washes, and, instead of them, take plenty of exercise, be careful about your diet, and use cold water, soap, and a tolerably coarse towel for your face. You will find this a far more efficacious method than your present one.

X. Y. Z. The mere fact of your MS having been written on both sides of the paper would not of itself be enough to condemn it. The editor to whom you sent it would, of course, at once judge from it that it was the production of a novice, but would not reject it solely on that ground. There must have been some other, more important, defect in it, you may be sure.

E. G. H. The Steam Engine and the Telegraph beat all the wonders of the ancient world put together; but, as any school book will tell you, the "Seven Wonders of the World," which you inquire about, were, 1st, the Pyramids of Egypt; 2d, the Tomb of Mausolus, King of Caria, built for him by his queen; 3d, the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus; 4th, the Walls and Hanging Gardens of Babylon; 5th, the Colossus of Rhodes; 6th, the Statue of Jupiter Olympus; 7th, the Pharos of Ptolemy.

INQUIRER. "What is the meaning of the word 'anæsthetics'?" It is a term applied to certain kinds of gases and substances which are used for the purpose of undergoing surgical and other operations without feeling the pain of them. These are, for instance, nitrous oxyde, ether, and chloroform. No one should use any of these without first consulting a medical man, as there is a certain amount of danger attendant on their use, more especially to those who have any form of heart or lung disease.

CORA. We agree with you that beautiful lips are regarded by all persons as indispensable requisites to beauty in a lady, but we cannot give you any instructions how to impart to yours that charming ruby tint which you say you are so anxious to see them have. Nothing but excellent general health will do this, as a red under lip is one of the surest indications of good health, as well as one of the most irresistible fascinations of which a young lady can be possessed.

HELIOTROPE. To extract the essence from any flowers you choose, try the following receipt, which is very simple: Place a layer in a clean earthen pot, and over them a layer of fine salt. Repeat the process until the pot is filled; cover closely, and place in the cellar. Forty days afterwards, strain the essence from the whole through a crape by pressure. Put the essence thus expressed in a clear bottle, and expose it for six weeks to the rays of the sun and evening dew, to purify. One drop of this essence will communicate its odor to a pint of water.

J. H. S. Yours is, indeed, a hard case, and you have our sympathy in your troubles. You say that you have long loved a young lady, and have been engaged to her now for nearly two years; but there is no prospect of your circumstances improving so as to enable you to marry her for some time to come yet. You wish to know what you should do. However hard it may be to you, the most honorable and manly step for you to take, under these circumstances, is to come to a candid explanation with the young lady; let her know the uncertainty of your being able to support a wife for perhaps some years yet, and release her from the engagement.

ANXIOUS. It gives us much pain to be the cause of any disappointment to you, but we cannot help advising you to give up, once and forever, all the delusive hopes you have been nourishing of ever getting a cent of the money to which you imagine yourself entitled to, out of the English estate you speak of. We have yet to hear of the first really reliable instance in which similar expectations have ever been realized; and, if you will take our advice, you will cast all such ideas to the winds, have nothing to do with, or say to, the parties who have been advising you to make your claims to the property in question, and just apply yourself to making money legitimately and by your own earnest, honest labor.

TINY. It was certainly very annoying, and enough to make you "mad," that your friend passed you over in her selection of bridesmaids, and that you were not one of the favored ones. Next to being a bride herself, every good-looking young lady (and, of course, you are good-looking) likes to be a bridesmaid. Matrimony is thought by a large proportion of your sex to be contagious, and, much to the credit of their courage, they do not seem to be at all *afraid* of catching it. Bridesmaids may be considered as brides in what lawyers call the "inchoate" or incipient state. They are looking forward to that day of triumphant weakness when it shall be their turn to be cheered up, and supported and sustained throughout the trying ordeal. We hope that you may not be disappointed again.

CAPTAIN MARTHA. "Please give me a recipe for making a good red ink. I am so situated that I cannot get any good, and wish to try and make some for myself." A solution of carmine in caustic ammonia gives a fluid of the most beautiful tint we ever saw. The following are the proportions used: Pure carmine, twelve grains; solution of ammonia, three grains. Place the carmine in a porcelain vessel; pour thereon the solution of ammonia; heat over a spirit-lamp for a space of five to eight minutes, carefully managing the temperature so as not to boil; and to the solution thus formed add (continually stirring) eighteen grains of powdered gum arabic. When dissolved, the ink is ready for use. After using, the inkstand or bottle must always be well closed.

IMPUDENCE. This young lady wants to know "how it is that you can almost always tell a married man from a single one, even though the individual be a total stranger to you." Of course, since she says it is so, it must be so, we presume, though we had never before thought that the fact of matrimony or bachelorhood was written so legibly in a man's personal appearance that no ingenuity on his part could conceal it. Can it be that married men have a certain subdued look, such as that which characterizes the lions in a menagerie, and which distinguishes them from the lords of the desert? Whatever it may be, we are unable to account for the unerring instinct that enables young ladies, according to our fair correspondent, to tell whether an individual be a married man or not.

A VICTIM. (Philadelphia.) We did not "endorse" the advertisement you referred to, nor, indeed, do we endorse, or make ourselves in any way responsible for, the good faith of any of the advertisements which appear in our columns. We exercise the greatest caution in not accepting any without first assuring ourselves, as far as practicable, of the reliability and reputation of the parties forwarding them; but, in common with our neighbors and contemporaries, we are, of course, liable to be sometimes deceived into accepting an advertisement which does not turn out to be exactly what it professed to be. But we wish distinctly to state that we in no way "endorse" any advertisements, and our readers must use their own discretion and good sense about answering any one in particular.

W. B. J., (Pittsburgh.) We are sorry to be compelled to say that we have a very poor opinion of you when you tell us that you are "in love with two young ladies, both of whom return your love; and that you can have either of them you like, but you do not know which to choose." No man of refined feelings, or good taste, or of true manliness of character, would make such a boast of two ladies who have been in the habit of treating him with friendliness and hospitality. You cannot love either of them with sufficient singleness of heart to warrant you in proposing to her, or else you would have no difficulty in coming to a decision in regard to the matter, without being obliged to seek advice from strangers as to the choice you should make.

ATLANTIC CITY. "A discussion arose among a party of us, who were out in a boat here, the other day, as to where sea-birds obtain fresh water to slake their thirst, when far out at sea, and far from any land that could furnish them with water. It was suggested that we should write and ask THE POST; so please tell us, if you can." It has been noticed by sailors, when far out at sea, that on the coming up of a storm-cloud, the sea-birds hover round and under it, chattering just like ducks on a hot day in a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as they fall. They will smell a rain-squall a hundred miles, or even farther,—so it is said,—and scud for it with almost inconceivable swiftness. In this way only can your question be at all satisfactorily answered. How long they can exist without water, is, of course, a mere matter of conjecture; but doubtless their powers of enduring thirst are increased by habit, and possibly they may be able to go without water for many days, if not for several weeks.

IN A DILEMMA. So you cannot make up your mind which of the two young ladies you should propose to, both of whom you think would accept you, if you made them the offer! One of them is wealthy, and the other has nothing at all; both are tolerably good-looking, but the poorer one is better tempered and more amiable than the rich young lady. Putting aside the self-conceit and self-assurance which crop out all through your letter, and which make you fancy you are so irresistible that either of the two ladies will accept you, even before you have proposed, we do not see how we can possibly help you in making a choice. All we can say is, that, if you feel in doubt about so serious a matter, your heart cannot really be much interested in either. You surely would not marry a girl with money, if you did not truly love her, merely for the sake of her money. Love is all-powerful, and outweighs every other consideration; and those who sacrifice the feeling to the attainment of fortune, generally reap their reward in matrimonial unhappiness.

J. E. D. "Why do persons consult the barometer to ascertain changes in the weather?" Because changes in the weather are generally preceded by alterations in the atmospheric pressure; a barometer, from its peculiar construction, indicates the pressure of the atmosphere. It is constructed as follows: A glass tube, closed at one end, is bent in the shape of a letter U, and is partially filled with mercury, which immediately arranges itself, so that the pressure of the air upon the open end balances the weight of the column of mercury in the closed end; and when the pressure of the air upon the open surface of the mercury increases or decreases, the mercury rises or falls in response thereto. The alternation in the height of the column of mercury, therefore, enables us to know that atmospheric changes are taking place; and, by observation, we are enabled to determine certain rules by which the state of the weather may be foretold with considerable probability.

G. R. St. Swithin's Day is remarkable on account of a well-known popular notion that if it rain on this day, there will be more or less rain for forty days to come. St. Swithin was an eminent and learned Bishop of Winchester, and priest to King Egbert, and was the originator and deviser of tithes in England. The story runs, that, being buried, at his own request, in the church-yard of the Cathedral, the priests, a hundred years after his death, felt desirous of doing him greater honor, and commenced to remove his remains into the interior of the cathedral. This was on the 15th of July. They were stopped in the work by a heavy fall of rain; neither could they resume their work next day, for the heavy rain still continued. In short, the rain lasted forty days, by which time the priests became convinced that it was to stop them in a work which, though well meant on their part, was ill-taken on the part of the saint; and so they gave up the point. Ever since that it has been held as a maxim that if there be rain on St. Swithin's day (the 15th of July), there will be rain for forty days ensuing.

PERPLEXED FATHER. You could not be guilty of a more unwise act, or one that would be sure to cause you much regret hereafter than to force your boy into an occupation to which he manifests an especial dislike. It is the duty of parents to find out the direction in which the industrial inclinations of their children point, and to humor them. The old adage that "as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," is not always correct as applied to *work*, whatever it may be as applied to *morals*. The human twig that is arbitrarily bent in an uncongenial direction—in other words, tied down to an unacceptable employment—is pretty sure to eventually burst the bonds, and exhibit its natural inclination by turning another way. We see examples of this every day all around us—some of them very sad ones. There are, it is true, boys and young men who have no liking for any kind of work, mechanical or intellectual; and these it may be proper enough to force into such pursuits as they may seem best fitted for. But, as a rule, it is best, when a youngster shows a predilection for any useful occupation, no matter how humble it may be, to let him follow it.

BERNICE. We are not surprised at the young man hesitating about marrying you, and not being so eager about it as he was at first, judging from the tone of your letter, which makes us fear you are somewhat extravagant in your notions, and not at all adapted for a poor man's wife. Prudent men, with small incomes, may well hesitate on the question of matrimony, when they see, all around them, individuals no better off than themselves struggling to maintain a style of living demanded by the social circle in which they move, and losing all joy in life through excessive worry, labor, and anxiety. Any man of common prudence will hesitate about marrying a woman whose conversation betrays a foolish love of dress and showy furniture, for he knows well what these things cost, and what clogs they are upon a man's prosperity. The right stamp of men—those who "look before they leap"—men of honor, true feeling, and integrity—pass by the fashionable and gay butterflies of society, and select often from among those whose social advantages have, perhaps, been smaller, but among whom they are more likely to find common sense, common prudence, and a loving heart.

OLD BACHELOR. You need not have signed yourself such, for none but a confirmed old bachelor would ever have written as such a tirade against what you call "Love Stories," or have called them "unnatural," "silly," "romantic," and other hard names! If, indeed, the theme has no interest, no attractions or charms for you, and you really regard all Love Stories as "mere rubbish," then you have our deepest commiseration for the miserably misanthropic and selfish state of mind into which you have gradually, but too surely, fallen. From time immemorial, love has been the theme of all Novels and Romances. No matter how the story may be otherwise arranged, through all the ramifications of the plot there has run one thread—that of love; and almost always there has been one consummation—marriage. Now, why is it that love is ever the theme; that it so interests; that it will bear such endless repetition; that it never tires? It is owing to a variety of causes: the intrinsic nobleness of the passion itself—the ruling bias in our nature towards that passion—the sensibility of fair readers especially, and their being made up in a great degree of affection. It is certain that love affords a ground for fine and skillful writing; that it excites the curiosity; that it engages the heart. Hence this style of literature has always lived—hence it will always live, despite of old bachelors; for every such tale gives a little epitome, as it were, of the life of man.

MISCELLANEOUS.—M. C. F. We cannot possibly give an opinion of the value of your articles without first seeing them.—R. Y. We answered the question only one week ago. A person follows the nationality of his father, no matter what may be the place of his birth.—J. E. D. You should submit your composition to some music publisher.—E. D. W. There is no proper receipt for diminishing "an undue amount of color," and you should try nothing for such a purpose.—FANNIE. From what you say about the gentleman, we take him to be not merely capricious, but also heartless, and just one who would trifle with a young lady's affections.—WOODBINE. Your poem displays a certain facility of composition, but the sentiments are commonplace and hackneyed.—A. B. C. It is not at all necessary to give up visiting your lady friend just because she has a good-looking brother.—A. M. We regret that it was utterly impossible for us to comply with your request within the short space of time you mention.—T. W. M. A gentleman ought to be able to judge, if he has any intelligence or tact at all, whether his attentions are agreeable to a lady or not.—H. A. B. We are sorry that your lines are not suitable for our columns.—F. B. N. C. We do not undertake to answer questions about theological or doctrinal matters. Such subjects are never broached in our columns.—E. A. B. If the gentleman's attentions are disagreeable to you, show him as much by means of a cold, distant, but lady-like demeanor.—C. S. There is no law against the marriage of cousins, whether first, second or of any other degree.—BENJAMIN. Any violin-book—which are published in profusion—will suit your purpose. We cannot discriminate between them.—BELLE. Your writing may be improved, certainly, though it is legible enough at present.—S. J. We do not think a lady can be too accomplished; we have none of the stupid prejudices which some people have on this point.—E. F. It is not necessary, in every case, that a lady should rise from her chair whenever a gentleman is introduced to her.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*